COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

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COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

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THREE POEMS ON EROS

DON CAMERON ALLEN

IN 1950 Professor Leo Spitzer,[1] aroused by the impressionistic and negative critical opinion on lines 61-114 of Spenser's March eclogue as preserved in the Variorum, surveyed this poem and its well-known analogues and maintained that Spenser's revision of the Eros-in-a-tree motif is not only highly artistic but also an "inimitable *poetic description of puberty.*" I share Professor Spitzer's poor esteem of all variorum editions, decayed mausoleums where the dry bones of one generation are piled without discrimination upon those of another. On the other hand, though much of what Professor Spitzer wrote was sensitive and just, his indignation drove him so hard that he failed, I think, to read each poem as elegantly as he should against the stasis and flux of its milieu, against the currents that ran between these long generations, and, in Spenser's case, against the total purpose of the *Calendar.* To rectify these defects in reading, I shall direct my attention first to Bion's poem on the boy bird catcher (second eclogue), which I hope to explain as something more than the classical scholars have made it.

The runaway Eros of Moschus, though still fugitive, appears as the mysterious center, unnamed by the *personae* but recognized by the poet, of Bion's idyll. In Moschus' poem, his mother, the Cyprian, described him for participating lovers so that he might be recognized among twenty others. But Bion never gives him proportion, because he sees him only with the eyes of a boy on the edge of adolescence, a visual and psychological station that is revealed by the opening phrase of the poem: Ἰξευτὰς ἔτι κῶρος. But the boy who represents the anticipatory aspect of life, mature and knowledgeable, as opposed to the old husbandman who has passed the limits of passion, is not totally without experience. He

[1] "Spenser, *Shepheardes Calendar, March* 11. 61-114, and The Variorum Edition," *SP*, XLVII (1950), 494-505.

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has gone into the world, the grove filled with trees, to hunt birds, the symbols of eventual maturity, and he carries with him the engines necessary to manhood—though, at this moment, inadequate. The boy of the idyll has speculated, perhaps, on the curious nature of this grown-up activity. It has come before his eyes, but he cannot define it. It is like a bird singing and fluttering, but masked in its true dimensions by the dense foliage of the woods of life.

To underscore the insufficiency of the boy's experience, Bion states that Eros lights on a *young shoot* (κλάδον) of the box tree, and adds that, to the boy, he is a *big bird*; this childlike descriptive phrase is attended by a childlike verb, for the boy *rejoices* (χαίρων) at the sight. These are, I expect, sophisticated attempts to reproduce an adolescent's verbal reactions to what he half-perceives. The verb φαίνετο, which controls the fourth line of the poem, suggests the external; the boy sees only the outline of Eros. The young limer of birds turns naturally for advice to the old man, who taught him his art (τέχναν ἐδιδάξατο), a boyish decision that further demonstrates his unworldliness.

The *senex* sees the big bird and translates it at once into κακόν . . . φηρίον (wicked beast); in fact, when he uses the proper generic word, he distinguishes it with τόδε (*this* bird). It is nothing to be hunted, but to be fled. The old man undoubtedly knows all that the Aphrodite of Moschus had said about her son. "If you catch him, he will lead you captive. He will betray you by weeping. His lips are poison." All of this the rural adviser, unwilling to state the alluring particulars, puts into a blunt precept. More subtly, and perhaps sadly, he says that the time may arrive when Love, who now flips and leaps back, will come of his own accord (αὐτὸς ἀφ' αὑτῶ), a probability that the ambiguous τὸν ἀπότροπον Ἔρωτα of the second line predicts. Love, flying and to be fled, says the old man, will settle itself, not on the young shoot of the box, but on *your* head.

The nice discriminations of this highly civilized poem are enhanced by a consideration of its secondary allusiveness. The germ of the subsequent contentions in the West between youth and age resides to a degree within its circumference. The youth and the old man represent two portions of Aristotle's three stages of life (*Rhet.*, 1389c ff.); the boy is on the lower tread of the first age; the old man is on the last step of the third. The boy is hot-tempered; he desires success. His old master knows, too, that the boy can easily be cheated, that he wants the memory of experience, that he will commit folly in excess. Hence, he governs him by fiat. Desist, he says, from "this hunting."

The old ploughman of the idyll is a forbidding *magister amoris*; he has taught the youth his arts, but he gives him no positive advice on the τέχνη ἐρωτική. We look to the Roman elegiac poets, to Tibullus or Propertius, repeaters of the tropes of Callimachus, or to Ovid, to find the full

detail that illuminates the taciturnity of Bion's elder. These poets tell us how the bird of love is hunted with tears and wounds. Once caught, its plumes are often found to be as false as its eyes and heart. But, when the Greek poem is held to the light, we see between its lines another and more pleasing presbyter.

Three hundred years after the death of Bion, the *fabula* of his poem was repeated when Philetas told the story of Eros to Daphnis and Chloe. The old man is now a rural Orpheus, who has sung to Pan and the nymphs and led many a herd with his music. He is the planter and master of a venerean garden in which he has had a rare experience. Thornley, the seventeenth-century translator, recounts it well.

> As I went in there today about noon, a boy appeared in the promegranate and myrtle grove... white as milk and his hair shining with the glance of fire... Naked he was, alone he was; he played and wantoned it about, and culled and pulled, as if it had been his own garden. Therefore, I ran at him as fast as I could, thinking to get him in my clutches... But he, with a soft and easy sleight, as he listed, gave me the slip, sometimes running under roses, sometimes hiding himself in the poppies, like a cunning muddling chick of a partridge.

The boy, who is still a bird and darts away from the old man's gaze, refuses at first to be questioned; but, when Philetas asks a kiss, the youth answers with the "voice of a bird" but also of no bird, saying that a kiss would please him, but reminding Philetas that he is too old to follow its consequences to a close. "I cannot be taken, though a hawk or an eagle or any other swifter bird were flown at me, I am not a boy though I seem to be so, but am older than Saturn and all this universe." It was I, Eros adds, who brought Amaryllis to you and gave her in marriage. "I was at her side, but you did not see me." "Be glad, Philetas," he adds, "that thou alone of all mortals hast seen this boy in thy old age." Having said this, the youth leaps like a nightingale in the myrtle tree and skips from bough to bough.[2] Then Philetas saw his wings, his bow and his darts; "and never since that moment, either them or him any more."

Daphnis and Chloe, who are as uninstructed in the passion as Bion's boy is ignorant of its nature, inquire whether Eros is a boy or a bird, and Philetas speaks nobly of the power and writes an encomium that looks backward to Lucretius' apostrophe to Venus. The young people, however, never see the god though they are in his province; and the fact that seems to emerge is that Eros manifests himself only to those who stand on the boundary of adolescence or to those who have passed out of love's limits and look back on its counties through the glades of

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[2] Here again appears the possibly important κλάδον. The Paphian myrtle is regularly connected with Eros and his conquests; see *Aeneid*, VI, 442-44. The box tree of Bion is more difficult and the commentators give no help. It may depend on Theophrastus' assertion that the box and the myrtle are alike (*Hist. Plant.*, III, 15, 5); Ovid puts them together in one instance (*Ars*, III, 690-91). Flutes of the wood were used in the worship of Cybele (*Aeneid*, IX, 619-20, *Cir.*, 166; see also Ovid, *Met.*, IV, 30), but I cannot find any direct link with Eros.

memory. For Philetas the recollection of love is good, and he is truly a *magister amoris*, whose flowers, as Eros says, are poems;[3] the presbyter of Bion has other remembrances which are shared by the *saga* of Ronsard. The adviser of the boy is like the ancient Cephalus whom Socrates, no youthful bird catcher but carrying his customary limed twigs, once consulted. Never, said the old father, lament the passing of love, but say with Sophocles: "Hush, to my great delight I have escaped and feel free of a desperate and angry despot."[4] Cephalus is across the way from Diotima; the Renaissance will resurrect him as Anteros.

The transit from Bion's sensitively conceived contrast between the attitudes of extreme youth and age in the revealed presence of Eros to Ronsard's French modification of the theme[5] can be made in part on the trope of the *magister amoris*, who has blended with the *saga* of the Latin poets to make something novel. The youth, in the poem of Ronsard, has been attempting to catch birds to put in a cage, and suddenly he sees Eros "comme oyseau de mauvais augure." The "big bird" and the naïveté of the Greek poem are lost, and, by direct intent, love is polluted with ill qualities; for the winged Eros quickly becomes "l'oyseau de mauvaise rencontre." On further inspection the "enfant" notices the peacock colors of the bird and that "sa face sembloit un Ange / Qu'on voit portrait en un tableau." The metaphors seem contradictory, but they come plain when we discover that Eros was a mediaeval devil. The boy, however, is my immediate subject; and he reproduces in different language the experiences of Bion's youth. He, too, rejoices, but it is because he hopes to take "si grand' proye." He cannot surprise "ce cauteleux oyseau," which, like the Greek bird, "voletant le decevoit." Enraged, Ronsard's boy drops his lures, and

> Vint trouver une vieille mere
> Qui se mesloit de deviner.

The *magistri* step aside for a moment so that Phyrne, the *saga*, who can fetch love or banish it, may enter the modern tradition.[6]

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[3] The passage in the pseudo-Longus that I have been following is II, 3-8. The *magister amoris* returns in Spenser's Thomalin, and his classical ancestors are many. The best passage is in Tibullus: "vos me celebrate magistrum, / quos male habet multa callidus arte puer. / gloria cuique sua est: me, qui spernentur, amantes / consultent; cunctis ianua nostra patet. / tempus erit, cum me Veneris praecepta ferentem / deducat iuvenum sedula turba senem" (I, 4, 75-80). Ovid's "Inscribit spoliis, Naso magister erat" (*Ars*, II, 744) is probably better known.

[4] *Republic*, I, 329c.

[5] I follow Laumonier's 1934 text, VII, 259-262. The description of Eros in this poem comes from Moschus via Poliziano's Latin rendering and Baïf's vernacular version. Marot had previously done an inflated translation: "De l'Amour Fugitif, De Lucien."

[6] Spitzer writes that Bion's boy goes to the master because he cannot catch the bird, but that Ronsard's boy goes to find out what it is. Actually, the boy of Ronsard is likewise disturbed by his inability to catch the bird and throws down his instruments in rage. He goes to the *mere*: "Il luy va le fait expliquer"; Spitzer now adds "l'oyseau" but the line: "Et sur le hault d'un buys lui monstre" intervenes. Neither boy knows what the bird is; neither can catch it.

The *mere* is clearly not an old master who has taught the boy. She is gray-haired; she has passed through life; she is frankly disillusioned with love. She is a kind of elderly Medea, and in literature she has many sisters. Propertius tells us that she is both an instructress in the affairs of the heart and a mistress of magic (IV, 5). She is also the witch of Atlas, whom Dido remembers in the *Aeneid* (IV, 478-91); but she is best described for us by Tibullus in a passage that concludes as if it were an incantation:

> hanc ego de caelo ducentem sidera vidi;
> fluminis haec rapidi carmine vertit iter,
> haec cantu finditque solum manesque sepulchris
> elicit et tepido devocat ossa rogo;
> iam tenet infernas magico stridore catervas,
> iam iubet aspersas lacte referre pedem.
> cum libet, haec tristi depellit nubila caelo:
> cum libet, aestivo convocat orbe nives.
> sola tenere malas Medeae dicitur herbas,
> sola feros Hecatae perdomuisse canes.
> (1, 2, 43-52)

The "vieille mere" is a *verax saga amoris*, and, though Ronsard had surely met her constantly, he certainly remembered her haunting song in his beloved Theocritus:

> φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα
> (II, 81)

This woman whom Ronsard displays in her dour and bitter old age may once have been one of those lively young creatures, a Simatha, who could beguile men's hearts, as Propertius puts it (I, 1, 19-20) by charming the moon from the heavens. Now she has reached that belated existence when all is stale. She is Dame Brysenne of the *Mort d'Arthur*, or, on a lower social level, Villon's Belle Heaulmière. Régnier will describe her in the seventeenth century; and Ronsard himself annotates her in "Contre Denise Sorçiere," a poem shining with antique spoils and founded on Horace's metrical assault on Canidia. Like her Roman sisters, Denise professes a supernatural control of love.

> Tu fais que la lune enchantée,
> Marche par l'air toute argentée,
> Lui dardant d'ici bas
> Telle couleur aus joües palles,
> Que le son de mile cimbales
> Ne divertiroit pas.[7]

These texts are not out of keeping, because Ronsard only too often associates love and magic, an inescapable magic tainted with death and the rites of the infernal Diana. In spite of his continual literary amours, the poet himself, I expect, saw love as a bird of ill omen, one that could

[7] Laumonier (1914), I, 241; Horace, *Ep.* V. A companion of these ladies is the "vieille enchanteresse" of Ronsard's "Contre une Vieille" (V, 129).

never be taken. Cassandre obliged his fear of love with her disdain; Marie, the most pliable of ladies, saved him by dying; and the dangerously attractive Hélène proved to be a blue stocking, who was best at Platonic definitions. The erotic and the thanatic impulses are closely twined for him.

> La vivante et le mort tout malheur me propose:
> L'une aime les regrets, et l'autre aime les pleurs;
> Car l'Amour et la Mort n'est qu'une mesme chose.[8]

If love is inescapable magic, the escape may also be magical; and Ronsard's solid conclusions in this respect are probably clearly announced when, like Tannhäuser, he descends from Mount Valerian.

The poem that summarizes his eventual freedom, "Magie, ou Delivrance d'Amour," echoes these other poems and leads us on. It is, perhaps, the poet's "Valediction to Love."

> Vien donq, ouvre moy ceste cage,
> Et laisse vivre en libertez
> Ces pauvres oiseaux arrestez
> Ainsi que i'estois en servage.[9]

The "Demons Seigneurs de ceste terre" are summoned to aid; but better still for my theory of traditional flow, Anteros, who is at one and the same time a power against love and a wizard who can remove the passion with fumes and charms, is poetically subpoenaed.

> Anterot, preste moy la main,
> Enfonce tes fleches diverses:
> Il faut que pour moy tu renverses
> Cet ennemy du genre humain.
> Ie te pry, grand Dieu, ne m'oublie.[10]

The "vieille mere" of the poem under discussion has qualities of the opposing god, who is not unknown to the other members of the Pléiade

[8] *Œuvres*, ed. Laumonier (Paris, 1914-19), I, 341. The same theme—it may go back to Cavalcanti—is found in Guillaume Alexis: "Ceulx qui le [Eros] dient n'ont point d'yeulx / En l'ame; ne se doit point dire / Dieu d'Amours, mais de mort, et d'yre, / Et n'a pas nom dieu mais delict / En concupiscence de lict, /De corps et d'ame le dommaige / . . . / Sa Court est en pauvreté dure, / Et en ung estat point ne dure / Ses biens et son eage dispent / Mort d'ame et de corps en despent." *Œuvres*, ed. Piaget et Picot (Paris, 1896) I, 24.

[9] *Œuvres*, ed. Laumonier (Paris, 1914-19), II, 457-460.

[10] The demons summoned in the early part of this poem are probably of the Platonic variety, but it is worth pointing out here, what I have observed earlier in my text, that Eros was seen as a devil by some men of the Middle Ages. Isidore of Seville puts him firmly in Hell: "Est enim daemon fornicationis" (*Etym.*, VIII, 11, 80); and Theodulf, the "Pindar" of Charlemagne, follows the same theme: "Est sceleratus enim moechiae daemon et atrox / Ad luxus miseros, saeva barathra trahens," *Carmina, PLAC*, ed. Duemmler (Berlin, 1881), I, 543. In Gervais du Bus, *Le Roman de Fauvel*, a poem explaining symbolic iconography, Cupid and Venus are found in the company of "Fornicacion, Advoutire / Vieignent la, tout sanz contredire / Cupide vendra et Venus; / De tel gent ne demeure nus." Gluttony, Drunkenness, Outrage, Ribaldry, and Lechery now join the pack (ed. Langfors, Paris, 1919, p. 147).

and who stands behind the Spenserian adaptation. In both her person and her remarks, the old woman consulted by the "enfant" is symbolic of the anterotic; she no longer practices her witchlike fascinations, however; her charms effect the contrary.

Towards the center of her homily, she says to the boy:

O que tu seras bien heureux
Si tu le fuys toute ta vie
Et si jamais tu n'as envye
D'estre au rolle des amoureux.

Stay off the register of lovers, she insists; then she continues as Bion's old man, "in time, this bird that now eludes you will come without your thinking,"

Comme une jeune et tendre queste,
Et foullant de ses piedz ta teste,
Que c'est que d'aimer t'aprendra.

Love, the ancients say, swoops down on the lover. "Instat semper Amor supra caput," writes Propertius (II, 30, 7); and he tells us further that love is "furor" (I, 1, 7) and "insanus" (I, 9, 16).[11]

If love brings madness, the bird of Bion and Ronsard alights symbolically on the head of its intended victim; but Ronsard's old woman uses the verb "fouler" and adds "des ses piedz," curiously vigorous phrasing when one recalls Bion's more unqualified *καθιξεῖ*. The reason is not far to seek. Love does trample his victims. Eros is *saevus*. His triumphs are in the literary records.

The trampling of Eros is described as early as the fourth chorus of Sophocles' *Antigone*, but the full cruelty of Love's success is told by Ovid:

En ego confiteor: tua sum nova praeda, Cupido:
Porrigimus victas ad tua jura manus.
Nil opus est bello: pacem veniamque rogamus:
Nec tibi laus, armis victus inermis, ero.
Necte comam myrto; maternas junge columbas:
Qui deceat, currum vitricus ipse dabit.
Inque dato curru, populo clamante triumphum,
Stabis, et adjunctas arte movebis aves.
Ducentur juvenes capti, captaeque puellae:
Haec tibi magnificus pompa triumphus erit.
(*Amores*, 1, 2, 19-28)

Eros may triumph; he may trample his victims. He may do what he wishes, and he is never punished except in the imagination of poets and only then in another world. The "Cupido cruciatur" of Ausonius and the "Amor victus somno" of Modestinus, poems in which Love is rewarded in his own coin, are both dreams and both take place in Avernus. Their importance resides in the fact that the *registre des amoureaux*

[11] This is practically the theme of Oppian's splendid panegyric, *Cyn.*, II, 422-23.

begins with them, but the angry *martyres d'Amour* are all women—Phaedra, Scylla, Medea, Procne, Dido, Ariadne, Thisbe—and all ghosts. The *amoureaux* become the *martyres*, and the men of the Middle Ages knew well this name. "Au fort, martir on me devra nommer, / Se dieu d'Amour fait mulz amoreaux saints," writes Charles d'Orléans. "And rad also ful often in my contemplatyff medytacons," says the unknown author of the "Mass of Venus," "the holy legende of Martyrs of Cupydo."[12] The register grew longer, the martyrs increased as each succeeding generation added its titles. The whole course was finally gathered and described for the Renaissance by Petrarch in his "Trionfo d'Amore."

Petrarch's poem looks back to the classics, to Dante, and to his own *Africa*. In the sixth book of the latter work, Sophonisba, condemned to Hades as a suicide but repealed by the interposition of Aeacus, enters the field of lovers and sees the martyrs wandering in the valley of shades. Her experience is repeated by the poet himself:

> Vidi un vittorioso e sommo duce.
> Pur com'un di color che'n Campidoglio
> Trionfal carro a gran gloria conduce.
> (I, 13-15)

The trampling triumphant is familiar—a young man proud and fierce of face (garzon crudo), who is nude, winged, and weaponed. The martyrs of love surround him: "parte occisi; / Parte feriti da pungenti strali" (I, 29-30). The valley through which he rides is the valley of shadow, a circle of the Inferno; and our impression of this is enlarged when one of the chained prisoners, "un'ombra, alquanto men che l'altre trista" (I, 40), recognizes the ignorant Petrarch and tells him about Eros, "mansueto fanciullo, e fiero vèglio." Through the three following books, the procession of martyrs moves, and, as they pass, the shade less sad than the rest reads the *registre des amoureaux* and describes their fates. It is this book that the "vieille mere," who is perhaps herself there enrolled, has in mind when she warns the "enfant."

It must be confessed, I think, that when we reach the end of Ronsard's poem our veins are less warmed and our sensibilities less charmed than they were when we had only Bion in our emotional history. Love has become more distasteful. It is associated with birds of ill omen, with witchcraft, with wounds, with bitterness. The naive tradition set by the Greek has darkened; for Eros has passed through the Christian Middle Ages, Cephalus has taken over, and Cupid has a place in Hell. But we must remember, too, that the old man of Bion, as well as the

[12] The French expressions are collected in I. Siciliano, *François Villon* (Paris, 1934), pp. 313-336. For the English phrase see *The Lay-Folk's Mass-Book*, ed. Simmons (London, 1879), pp. 394-395. In Hoccleve's "Letter of Cupid" (a version of Christine de Pisan's "L'Epistre au Dieu d'Amours"), Cupid uses the expression "In my legende of Martres" (*Works*, ed. Furnivall, London, 1892, p. 85).

"vieille mere" of Ronsard, would have an anti-erotic symbolism for the Renaissance. They are both versions of the Renaissance notion of Anteros.

The god Anteros, who played the protective role in Ronsard's "Magie," appears also as the vituperated old man of Du Bellay's "L'Anterotique." His character as that of an old man has probably archaeological sanction,[13] but the classical conception of a *deus ultor*, who was the reciprocating other half of Eros and avenged the loving-unloved, was never clearly understood. For the Renaissance Anteros was a fighting opponent of Eros and the presiding genius of those who preferred honor or virtue to passion.[14] Literary support for this attitude came strongly from Alciati's emblematic representations. The CIX emblem shows Anteros like Eros, but wanting his attributes, and describes him as the god who draws men's minds on high. The CX emblem shows him tying a defeated Eros to a tree.

> Aligerum, aligeroque inimicum pinxit Amori
> Arcu arcum, atque ignes igne domans Nemesis.
> Ut quae aliis fecit, patiatur: at hic puer olim
> Intrepidus gestans tela, miser lachrymat.
> Ter spuit inque sinus imos: res mira, crematur
> Igne ignis, furias odit Amoris amor.[15]

But Anteros was capable of disguises, and he assumes one of these in the "Cupido Conquered" of Barnabe Googe.

The "eglog" of Googe, printed in 1563, is written in a style close to that of Spenser's March eclogue. "Cupido Conquered" is a vision poem in which the poet, suffering from an amorous malady, wanders into a spring garden and falls asleep by a pool. Mercury appears to him and escorts him to the Court of Diana, where many of those previously on the *registre des amoureaux* are present. The feel of Petrarch and the past is in the poem, and it becomes more apparent when we learn that invaders are at the gate.

> The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde
> With Pompe and stately Pryde:

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[13] An antique figurine mentioned as early as Lilius Gyraldus was so identified; for discussion see B. de Montfaucon, *L'Antiquité* (Paris, 1719), I, 184. The importance of this type of text for explicating the ancient myths and histories used by men of letters at this time has been totally overlooked by students of literature, even by those who have written on the impact of classical mythology.

[14] Pausanius, I, 30, tells the legend of Melles and Timagoras which explains the altar to Anteros within Athens. Cicero (*De Nat. Deor.*, III, 59) supplies the ancestry of the god. The great Renaissance mythographer, Gyraldus, gathers up all the evidence in *Historiae Deorum Syntagma*, in *Opera* (Lugduni Batavorum, 1696), I, 410-411.

[15] *Op. cit.* (Paris, 1580), p. 397. In Belleau's "Contre L'Amour," the poet assumes the part of Anteros and defies the god, saying of love: "Il vient de nous, mais las! pour voiler mieux / De nostre mal la trop folle entreprise, / Nous voulons bien que ce Dieu favorise / Nostre malheur d'un tiltre glorieux" (*Œuvres*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, Paris, 1878, I, 171-172).

> With Bow in hand of glistening gold,
> And Quyver by his side.
> Wher many a shaft full sharp doth ly;
> And many a mortall Darte,
> That hath with poysoned force destroid
> Full many a yealdying Harte.[16]

The army of Diana takes the field under "Hipolitus." "Canons Cracke"; "Darts . . . flye"; Idleness, Cupid's Ovidian captain, is slain; "Hipolitus" slays Cupid's driver and captures the god just as the poet awakens. Once again Eros is overcome in a dream, but Anteros is given flesh in the person of the Greek *martyr d'Amour*.

So we arrive at Spenser's eclogue, not by the road of our impressions, but through a library of helpful poets. Bion has instructed us gracefully on the nature of love first seen, but brings into this garden of bird song the half-mocking but nonetheless cold voice of the old ploughman. Among the Romans, Eros becomes the god who scores his victories by trampling on lovers, who can revenge themselves only in the dreams of others. Love becomes, as the classical physicians testified, a disease that only witchcraft can cure or satisfy. In the Middle Ages, the triumph of Eros continues and Love makes his martyrs. The god also descends into Hell. All of this is implicitly gathered up in Ronsard's poem, where winged Love becomes a bird of ill omen with the face of an angel such as Satan has. The *saga* of the Latin elegies becomes the *magister amoris* and Anteros enters the cast of characters. From this whole tradition, not from one or two poems, the eclogue of Spenser emerges, but it is only a part of a whole. Unless we know what the *Shepheardes Calendar* is about, we shall never understand the fragment.

We should first realize the timelessness posited by the poet for the whole *Calendar*. It was not produced for one year but forever. "Loe I I have made a Calendar," says Spenser in the epilogue, "for every yeare." The second thing to observe about the poem is that it is a compendium of a young poet's thought. Spenser, a new graduate, has been considering the roads of life that once seemed clear to him but that are now misted over by his first experiences with maturity. Love seemed a good course, but love has disappointed him. The mysterious "E.K.," who annotated the *Calendar* in the manner of Muret's annotations of Ronsard, writes:

> Onely this appeareth, that his unstayed yougth had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and alay the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepheards . s . his equalls and companions of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these xii Æglogues . . .[17]

The theme of love dominates four of the eclogues, January, March, June, and August, and the first and third of these poems have as their

[16] *Eglogs, Epytaphes and Sonettes*, ed. Arber (London, 1910), p. 118.
[17] *Works* (Baltimore, 1943), *Minor Poems*, I, 10.

central speaker the shepherd Colin, who is at once both the hero of the whole poem and the poet Spenser. March (our poem) and August are, I think, general glosses on the particularized poems in which Colin appears. The last poem in the *Calendar* picks up the tone of the first poem and ends with a renunciation of love: "Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

The basic tone of the love eclogues is anti-erotic. The poet is done with love, and even in November, where the beloved Dido is the subject of his song, she is "Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead." For Colin-Spenser as for Ronsard, death and love are the same thing. In view of this position, it is not surprising that the *Calendar* begins with January, so that the rage of winter and the wasted world can be compared to the poet's heart, and ends with December, when "The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe, / Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long." Despair of love begins the poem and despair ends it, as the poet abandons the fallen world of Arcadian sweetness to face the true realities of life. To effect the wintry beginning and the frozen conclusion, Spenser violated the true calendar of his age. His editor observes that he really should open the poem with March, and writes a learned essay to prove that there are historical reasons for selecting January.[18] But the true reason was probably artistic.

The January and December eclogues are soliloquies spoken by Colin-Spenser, but the central hero also appears in November with Thenot, the *senex*, who in February reproves the less sensitive Cuddie: "Thou art a fon of thy love to boste / All that is lent to love wyll be lost" (lines 69-70). He appears with Hobbinol, the mature shepherd, who has found "that Paradise" "whych Adam lost" in June. He always finds life desperate, love fleeting, art unrewarding. In January he breaks his pipes; in December he says farewell to love. The other eclogues examine at a distance the problem of life (religion), the problem of art (the poet's purpose and rewards), and the problem of love (the girl, Rosalind) which are explicit or implicit in the eclogues in which the central shepherd appears.

When Professor Spitzer examined the March eclogue, he made some very sensitive suggestions. He noticed that Bion's old man and Ronsard's "vieille mere" had become the second story; they are Willye's father, who once had caught Eros in a bird-net, "but bowe and shafts as then none had, / Els had he sore be daunted." This is, of course, a recapitulation of the earlier poems with the addition of Petrarch's "mansueto fanciullo," but it is an appendage to Thomalin's tale and Thomalin is our center. He is a fitting center, because the July eclogue informs us that he is a highly religious young man, who suffers as much over the wounds of the shepherd's church as he does over those of love. We are,

[18] *Ibid.*, pp. 13-14.

consequently, forced to see him as the shepherd symbol of great and deep sensibilities.

The March eclogue begins on a day that has a hint of spring in it, and Willye to arouse Thomalin from sadness says,

> *Flora* nowe calleth forth eche flower,
> And bids make readie *Maias* bowre,
> That newe is upryst from bedde.
> Tho shall wee sporten in delight,
> And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
> That scornefully lookes askaunce,
> Tho will wee little Love awake,
> That now sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
> And pray him leaden our daunce.
> (Lines 16-24)

From this statement, Spitzer contends that Willye knows only "of the word-world to which Cupid belongs," that he sees "little love" as a myth rather than as a reality. The opposite seems more plausible, because in both Willye and Thomalin we have the boys of Bion and Ronsard grown up. It is no longer a case of early adolescence, but of qualities of experience. Like Thomalin, Willye is mature and in August he will compete for a prize in poetry. Willye, I think, has played with love before, and he expects it to be as it was a year ago. It has something to do with animal passions. It is a "sport." Lettice (a provocative name) is a kind of human ewe; now she looks "askaunce," but her season will come. The fleshy qualities of his interests are supported by the gloss, where it is mentioned that Flora was once a harlot, whom the Romans made "Goddess of floures."

Thomalin, the more sensitive and more religious shepherd, is opposed to love. He, too, had once thought of it is a seasonal affair, and this perhaps had put him off guard. Now he knows that "lustie love still sleepeth not, / But is abroad at his game." Thomalin has gone into the wood to hunt; he sees a moving bush and fires into it. He knows it is not a bird, but a "faerie, feend, or snake." The god manifests himself, and Thomalin, not intending to catch him, "levelde againe / And shott at him with might and maine, / As thicke as it had hayled." With these gestures Thomalin assumes the Renaissance role of Anteros. The god is not in a tree, but among the ivy, the *lasciva hedera* of Horace, as Spitzer properly observes but rejects for an optimistic assumption, or the "wanton ivy" of the August eclogue. At this point Thomalin is a singular moral gloss on an aspect of Colin-Spenser's despair. It must also be noticed that the Eros of this eclogue is on a lower plane than the one whom Spenser will celebrate in his marriage poems and in the great four-part hymn.

The shepherd's darts are quickly exhausted, and he throws "pumie stones" which are as ineffective as his arrows. Suddenly he knows that

he cannot fight against the god and attempts to run away. He ends his career as Anteros and becomes a martyr. Eros does not trample on his head, but draws an arrow and strangely enough hits the shepherd in the heel. The mark amazes us, but "E.K." explains it.

> In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not without speciall judgement. For, I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the River of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed all over, save onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo, which mysticall fable Eustathius unfolding sayth: that by wounding in the hele, is meant lustfull love. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the previe partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnewes, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becommeth cold and unfruitful, which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shepheards boys of purpose to be wounded by Love in the heele.[19]

Through the gloss of Spenser's friend, Thomalin, the frightened and defeated Anteros, is connected with the myth of Achilles and with the allegory attendant on that myth. The "little god" becomes Paris, the ancestor of Paridell, the lascivious knight of the third book of the *Faerie Queene*. The pseudo-Fulgentius helps us here, because he represents Paris as faced with the same choices that Colin-Spenser faces. The unfortunate shepherd, says the allegorist (II, 1), chose as an animal would, or, as Boccaccio puts it: "che anco ei si lasciasse convincere da Venere, ciò è stato detto per manifestar la sua ignoranza; affine, che appaia il da poco dar' opra solamente a Venere, & alla lussuria."[21] The contest in the March eclogue has, in consequence of Spenser's revision of Bion and Ronsard, entirely new implications that Spitzer, as well as the Variorum commentators, missed.

The March eclogue when viewed in the stream of tradition abandons the simple charm of Bion, for there is little sympathy among the moral poets of the Renaissance for the d[illegible]acy of his analysis of natural life. It takes on more completely [illegible]oem by Ronsard. The "enfant" has grown up; the prediction [illegible]le mere" is completed. But this time there is no adviser to c[illegible], [illegible] warning to attend. What Thomalin discovers is that the sensitive and innocent shepherd, fortified by a highly spiritual life, can be brought low by his animal nature. He is

[19] The authority is not Eustathius ("E.K." inclines to get footnotes wrong, atributing the origin of the total motif to Theocritus), but Fulgentius (*Mythologia*, III, 7) modified by Boccaccio's "Et perciò per lo talone non bagnato nella Stige volsero designare la invitta libidine d'Achille, laquale però per le fatiche non si estinse, attentoche si vede, che per la libidine, egli andò nelle mani degli inimici, & da loro fu morto" (*Delle Geneologia*, Venice, 1585, p. 202v.

[20] *Op. cit.*, p. 106r-v.

a far better developed man than Willye, but his experience is the same. March takes its place as an intricate part of the total poem; it is at once a gloss on the malady of Colin-Spenser and an *apologia* for his recantation of love.

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BION: ΙΞΕΤΤΑΣ ΕΤΙ ΚΩΡΟΣ...
(line by line literal rendering)

A bird catcher yet a boy in a woody grove
Was hunting birds when he saw winged Eros
Perched on the young shoot of a box tree. When he saw it,
He rejoiced because to him it seemed a big bird.
At once he bound his reeds together one on another
To catch Eros, who kept hopping here and there and fled him.
And the boy, being vexed that his task was endless,
Threw down his reeds and went to an old farmer
Who taught him the art, and told it to him,
And showed him Eros perching. But the old man,
Smiling, shook his head and spoke to the boy:
"Refrain from this hunting and stay away from this bird!
Fly far! This is a bad bird! You will be happy
As long as you do not catch him. But when you have man's measure
This thing, which now flees and hops away, of its own accord
Will come suddenly and sit on your head."

RONSARD: ODE

Un enfant dedans un bocage
Tendoit finement ses gluaux,
A fin de prendre des oyseaux
Pour les emprisonner en cage.
  Quand il veit, par cas d'adventure,
Pres un buys Amour emplumé,
Qui voloit par le boys ramé
Comme oyseau de mauvais augure.
  Son plumage luisoit plus beau
Que n'est du paon la queue estrange,
Et sa face sembloit un Ange
Qu'on voit portrait en un tableau.
  Cet enfant, qui ne sçavoit pas
Que c'estoit, fut si plein de joye
Que pour prendre une si grand' proye
Tendit sa glus & tous ses lats.
  Mais quand il veid qu'il ne pouvoit
(Pour quelques gluaus qu'il peut tendre)
Ce cauteleux oyseau surprendre,
Qui voletant le decevoit,
  Lors il se print à mutiner.
Et gettant sa glux de colere,
Vint trouver une vieille mere
Qui se mesloit de deviner.

Il luy va le fait expliquer,
Et sur le hault d'un buys lui monstre
L'oyseau de mauvaise rencontre,
Qui ne faisoit que s'en moquer.
La vieille, en branlant ses cheveux
Qui ja grisonnoient de vieillesse,
Luy dit: Cesse, mon enfant, cesse,
Si bien tost mourir tu ne veux,
De prendre de fier animal:
Cet oyseau, c'est Amour qui vole,
Qui tousjours les hommes affole
Et jamais ne fait que du mal.
O que tu seras bien heureux
Si tu le fuys toute ta vie,
Et si jamais tu n'as envye
D'estre au rolle des amoureux.
Mais j'ay grand doubte qu'à l'instant
Que d'homme parfait auras l'age,
Ce malheureux oyseau volage
Qui par ces arbres te fuyt tant,
Sans y penser te surprendra
Comme une jeune & tendre queste,
Et foullant de ses piedz ta teste,
Que c'est que d'aimer t'aprendra.

SPENSER: MARCH ECLOGUE

Willye:

Thomalin, why sytten we soe
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin:

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

Willye:

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is upryst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce,
Tho will we little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin:

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

Willye:

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made previe to the same?

Thomalin:

No, but happily I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The previe marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

Willye:

Thomalin, have no care for thy,
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I have a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayse counts mine.

Thomalin:

Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerve,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same unhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene jointed attones,
She shoulde have neede no more spell.
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

Willye:

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell us, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin:

It was upon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leave to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:

At length within and Yvie todde
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earned it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacock trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, levelde againe,
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threwe: but nought availed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
But he that earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele:
But soone it sore encreased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

Willye:

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.
Perdie with love thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face:
Yts time to hast us homeward.

CAMUS AND THE AMERICAN NOVEL

HARRY R. GARVIN

FRENCH novelists and writers have been ambivalent towards Hemingway, Faulkner, and Dos Passos. In the 1930s and early 1940s, some leading French writers invaded American literature like heirs apparent, praising the Americans buoyantly, undiscriminatingly, and appropriating various techniques developed in the American novel. After absorbing what they needed or wanted, the French novelists rightly moved in their own directions; but then they began to attack some of the very elements that had presumably excited them, and to offer the major American revolution in sensibility and in style only the passing tribute of an oracular pronouncement.

Jean-Paul Sartre, for example, as late as 1945 pronounced enthusiastically and unequivocally upon the technical achievements of the American novelists, their sincerity, and their influence upon the French.[1] But in "Qu'est-ce que la littérature" (1948), he approached the American writers like a collectivistic *idéologue* in the cold war. Albert Camus, in *L'Étranger* (1942), used finely some of Hemingway's techniques;[2] but by the time he formulated his aesthetic and

[1] Sartre announced that the American novelists "produced a *technical* revolution among us." Jean-Paul Sartre, "American Novelists in French Eyes," *Atlantic Monthly*, CLXXVIII (Aug. 1946), 114-118; also his "Explication de *L'Étranger*," in *Situations I* (Paris, 1947), pp. 99-121. Claude-Edmonde Magny, in *L'Age du roman américain* (Paris, 1948), recognizes the direct American influence on French writing but is more concerned with the cinema as a common origin for the revolution in the American and French novel and with the parallelisms between the cinema and the modern novel. See also Henri Peyre, "American Literature Through French Eyes," *Virginia Quarterly Review*, III (1947), 421-438; Henri Peyre, *The Contemporary Novel in France* (New York, 1955), pp. 263-278; Jean Bruneau, "Existentialism and the American Novel," *Yale French Studies*, I, No. 1 (1948), 66-72. There is some indication that the prewar novels of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Caldwell even today foster "audace" among the new French writers. See Cecily Mackworth, "The French Novel Today," *The Twentieth Century*, CLVI (1954), 38-44. For some useful raw data on the French enthusiasm and distaste for the American novel, see Thelma M. Smith and Ward L. Miner, *Transatlantic Migration: The Contemporary American Novel in France* (Durham, N.C., 1955), pp. 27-60.

Of course there were other influences on the techniques of the French novel of the late 1930s and early 1940s. For the technical influence of Gide on French technique, see Claude-Edmonde Magny, "Contemporary French Literature," *Books Abroad*, XXVIII (1954), 140. What is more, Gide's cerebral explorations into the new ethics of total sincerity antedate by decades the work of the American novelists. French critics can also point to Giono's "primitives" of Manosque, who are clearly different, however, from the "primitives" in American novels.

[2] Sartre, in *Situations I* and in "American Novelists in French Eyes," points up Camus's indebtedness to Hemingway; Henri Peyre also mentions the indebtedness in *The Contemporary French Novel*, p. 275. It is difficult to make much of the resemblances between Camus and Graham Greene, but see Henry A. Grubbs, "Albert Camus and Graham Greene," *MLQ*, X (1949), 33-42.

metaphysical positions, in *L'Homme révolté* (1951), he had found the American novel guilty of "crude realism." The French are not used to American mentors.

Indeed, in Camus's views on the American novel, this Gallic ambivalence becomes telling. For these views not only point up a persistent French obliqueness concerning the inner qualities in American writing but also offer an insight into the nature of Camus's masterly achievement in *L'Étranger* and into the falling off in his *La Peste* (1947). An incisive awareness of the inner qualities of major American novels can help explain why Camus's growth in philosophic understanding by the time he wrote *La Peste* did not insure his growth as an artist, and paradoxically even retarded it. *La Peste* should illustrate that at least one of the lessons taught by the Americans goes deeper than the French writers suspect and remains a warning to all modern novelists.

L'Étranger is a minor classic. In brief, Camus has imposed a form that, balanced by the novel's two complementary parts, vivifies certain tawdry and commonplace realities; he has a sure control of the interplaying details of sight, sound, action, and emotion; and he is able to let the fuller significance of a stranger's predicament arise implicitly from within the characters and the situations.

But Camus's major achievement in *L'Étranger* lies in the dimensions he gives Meursault, the outsider who at first seems unimportant and dull. Being the heir of the *roman à thèse* and the *roman d'analyse*, Camus had to discipline himself constantly in order to keep Meursault, the narrator, from becoming wise enough to explain analytically the significance of his experience for modern man and from making Camus's notion of the "absurd" obtrusive. To be sure, Meursault—like Jake Barnes and Frederick Henry—is analytical much more often than Sartre and other French critics have detected. Camus could surely have learned from Hemingway how to extend meanings by implication and to make comments unobtrusively. Hemingway's technique is in the beginning to render action and emotion meaningful without direct comments and then later to use comments sparingly and unobtrusively. Partly because of such techniques Camus is able to give to Meursault some depth and ambiguity without being obvious. Meursault—when he touches coolly and sometimes emotionally upon death, love, God, society, and executions—is perceptive, even if he remains ultimately limited. In his descriptions of the sounds of a summer evening, of the heat at the funeral and on the beach, and of living in the trunk of a dead tree, Meursault is clearly capable of some imagination and even of a poetic awareness, and he is sometimes consciously ironic. These unusual moments of high and middle feeling serve to point up his tantalizing implicit dimensions.

Camus gradually makes us sense a uniqueness, an individuality within

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Meursault. The main reason is that Meursault has an inalienable sense of his own being and individuality. Everything he feels and does has a naturalness and a logic for him, but all things in the world that conflict with his being are alien to him. (Since Meursault is the narrator, it is appropriate that Camus make Marie, Raymond, and the others merely types.) Being incorrigibly honest, Meursault makes understandable and even acceptable to us his objective feelings towards his mother, towards Marie's proposal of marriage, the four shots, and his reasons for acting or not acting. In his shooting of the Arab—one kind of "gratuitous act"—he does not even gain the momentary exhilaration and the negative freedom of Gide's Lafcadio. He seems to be neither moral nor immoral, neither cold nor warm in his feelings towards others, neither noble nor ignoble. His rebellion is only private, negative. He has only a few isolated occasions of full emotion, as in his touching tirade directed at the priest. The poignancy in Meursault lies in his limitations and in the honest and direct love of the values of which he can be aware. He comes closer to a total honesty than Lafcadio or Michel. When he finally lays his heart open to the benign indifference of the universe, he sees his bare life in a perspective, objectively, dramatically; and he achieves, despite his limitations, some sense of freedom. Nevertheless, Camus, with the restraint of a fine artist, allows Meursault to remain unaware of nearly all the realms of spirit; indeed Meursault is not even aware of many of the pleasures the flesh is heir to. But what he does understand within himself is vivid, indubitable. The implicit irony is that what is powerfully normal and natural within a person is unfelt by the world and can become, for the world, something strange and heinously criminal. This hiatus between the world and an individual creates the inner tension in *L'Étranger* and points to its wider meanings.

To gain such wider meanings, Camus made use of techniques developed by the Americans, Hemingway in particular. (Even if Sartre is wrong in believing that Hemingway influenced Camus, the affinities between Hemingway and Camus in *L'Étranger* are remarkable.) Surely the major American novelists are masters at creating symbols out of particular actions, out of mechanical movements and repetitions. Camus carefully restricts his artistic vision to the particular, realistic details surrounding Meursault and thereby delineates a poignant condition of modern man and also many of the qualities of the outsider in any age. The theme of the outsider is of course a persistent one in modern literature. Camus succeeds in making Meursault a major symbol of the outsider. For Meursault is more individualized a character and sticks longer in the imagination than Jake Barnes, Robert Cohn, Frederic Henry, Lennie, Quentin Compson. Only Jay Gatsby is more richly individualized. Meursault does not have the breadth and depth to be-

come a symbol of modern man in his full complexity.[3] But he is conceived imaginatively enough to become an artistic symbol, though not a myth, of a modern Sisyphus—a new Sisyphus without an awareness of any significance beyond himself.

La Peste is more ambitious and—because it fails in its apparent purpose of achieving a myth of the modern Prometheus—more pretentious.[4] Camus's wider perspective on life has unfortunately obscured his artistic vision, with the result that *La Peste* does not have the major virtues of either philosophy or art. His ideas in *La Peste* are perhaps memorable, but his characters are not. Camus understands evil and catastrophe more fully than he did in *L'Étranger*, and he affirms life more clearly. In *La Peste* there are more insights to excite the reader, more interesting situations and characters; and many realistic details, rivaling Defoe's in vividness, are there to enthrall him. But with all his skill in narrative, Camus cannot dispel the reader's gradual realization that the situations and the characters are variations on Camus's theme of "rebellion," as adumbrated in "Remarque sur la révolte" (1945) and developed in *L'Homme révolté* (1951). Although *La Peste*, a best-seller in France, received an almost unanimous acclaim by the best French critics—who, compared with American critics, are partial to deeply felt moral themes—a rereading would soon show that the novel is theme-ridden, contrived.

In this "chronique," Camus confronts the problem of modern man in terms of his notions of "rebellion," evil and goodness, and saint-hood;[5] and each of his characters is a facet of these themes. Camus's intellectual conceptions mechanically control the situations and characters, whereas a novelist's ideas should of course emerge with and out of the situations and the characters—as in *L'Étranger*, where Meursault gives his individual twists and turns to Camus's philosophy of the "ab-

[3] Gaëtan Picon, in *Panorama de la nouvelle littérature française* (Paris, 1949), pp. 96-102, thinks that *L'Étranger* is a "mythe de l'homme moderne," but he gives no important literary reasons for this opinion. In general, the French critics of Camus's fiction seem to give almost their exclusive attention to his philosophy.

[4] René-Marill Albérès, in *La Révolte des écrivains d'aujourd'hui* (Paris, 1949), pp. 65-81, rightly points out Camus's philosophical movement towards "le mythe de Prométhée," but the quick assertions concerning the Promethean art of Camus are not substantiated.

[5] *L'Homme révolté* is a call to reason, in order to combat the peccant excesses in modern philosophy, ethics and politics, and the arts. With sharp and bright weapons, new and old, Camus makes an assault upon the right and the left and the yogi and the commissar, upon the nihilists and the easy or absolutistic affirmers of life, upon the worshippers of the immediate and of the Marxian versions of Utopia and "history," and upon abstract art, a fantastic romanticism, and the "crude realism" of the American novel of the 1930s. "Rebellion"—as contrasted with a Communist "revolution" that ultimately endorses murder—is paradoxically the source of moderation, reason, and Camus's doctrine of "limits." Only through rebellion and moderation will man be free to struggle eternally against injustice and incompletion and at the same time justifiably to acclaim man and the world.

surd." There is an unwitting abdication of the novelist in Sartre's announcement that in the novel as well as in the drama "of the socialist future there will be, it is hoped, no more characters [individuals] ... Each personage will be nothing but the choice of an issue and will be worth no more than the chosen issue." A similar abdication is prefigured in Camus's defensive remark that characters need not be individualized but rather only "memorable."[6] Like Malraux and Sartre, he feels that in art, as well as in life, individual passions have been giving way to collective passions. Fortunately, no such abdication of the novelist's desire to create three-dimensional individuals is apparent among the major American novelists. One often suspects that the aesthetic ideas of Sartre and Camus are rationalizations for their incompletions as novelists and dramatists, and for being socialists without Marx; and they forget that the freedom of man they espouse with passion is deeply implicit in the artistic creation of individuals. Malraux was right when he announced that the major American novelists leave intellectuality to college professors; he might have added that the novelists also leave it to the professors to shift with the winds of doctrine. In any case, none of the characters in *La Peste* have the artistic dimensions of Meursault.

Dr. Rieux, the narrator, comes closest to Camus's metaphysical idea of "the rebel." In continual revolt against physical suffering and the injustices of men and of God (if He exists), Dr. Rieux is a true healer ("un vrai médecin"). Through his own suffering, he has learned that, though man's victories are not lasting, neither are his defeats final. For Dr. Rieux, a man is not an idea or a thing, but a person to be looked at skeptically and loved. Rieux feels a greater kinship with the defeated than with victors and saints. He has never managed to get used to seeing people die, especially children. Such a sympathy, properly enlarged, enables him to consider human love an end in itself. He does not believe in or love God, and he fights reality as he finds it. Not peace but rebellion is therefore what Rieux seeks. More interested in healing the body than in saving what Christians call the soul, he finds no personal need or capacity to experience the exaltation of the saint, or even of the philosopher. The rest of the characters are placed in the perspective of rebellion but have no artistic depth themselves. They are types that fill out the themes.

[6] See, respectively, *Situations II* (Paris, 1948), p. 313; and an unpublished letter by Camus, quoted in Pierre de Boisdeffre, *Métamorphoses de la littérature (II): De Proust à Sartre* (Paris, 1952), p. 303. Camus is less extreme than Sartre in politics and in aesthetics. Incidentally, according to Sartre, *La Peste* is a good example of an approach to the new literature. *Situations II*, p. 296. The possibility of emphasizing situation, theme, and symbol at the expense of character is slightly better in the drama than in the novel. It is by no means clear, nevertheless, that the expressionist theater and also the "epic theater" of Brecht have achieved major new forms.

Tarrou, for example, has a deeper understanding than Rieux of rebellion and revolution, and of political and moral nihilism. It is not rebellion but peace of being that Tarrou is searching for—a sainthood without God. Rieux the narrator feels that Tarrou perhaps achieved something beyond human love—but only in death, too late to use it for himself or for men. Tarrou possesses a friendship for Rieux and a love for his idea of man but (unlike Rieux) not for individual human beings, except perhaps his mother. Rieux somehow finds a "bleak sterility" in Tarrou, who lived without enough illusions and without the solace of hope.

Paneloux, the priest, has the solace of and faith in God, but without sainthood. Only after observing the death travails of M. Othon's son does Paneloux gain an intimate compassion for the suffering of individuals. Rieux shows Father Paneloux's moral growth in the second sermon, and Rieux (and Camus) try hard to deal fairly with Paneloux's doctrine of all or nothing—"il faut tout croire ou tout nier"—even though it is opposed to moderation, reason, and Camus's "doctrine of limits" (as enunciated in *L'Homme révolté*).The serenity Paneloux manages in his final weeks of fever is rather "blank." Despite his passionate desire to make salvation possible for men through God, he gains only some private peace that is not of much use to other men. Though after the death of the boy he begins to understand the sufferings of others, he fails to rebel against it, with the result that he is not a true healer of either the soul or the body.[7]

Rambert, the journalist, illustrates the power of love for a woman and the possibility of happiness in such a love, at least for a while. When Rambert finally succeeds in arranging to escape from plague-ridden Oran, he suddenly realizes that it is shameful for one to be happy while the rest of society is suffering a calamity and that a lone happiness soon becomes embarrassed and dissipates itself. Love also, Camus is saying, may sometimes lead to social devotion and to rebellion.

To fill out his pattern of rebellion, Camus makes use of other predictable character types and situations. M. Othon, a judge, illustrates that pedantic, austere officials may, surprisingly, heed a call beyond duty, even if they never take the initiative in rebellion. Rieux's mother triumphs over the plague; but her triumph, coming from a goodness of heart rather than from rebellion, is a private one only. Cottard, who paradoxically has a need to be considered a part of society and whose real sin is that he approved of the plague, represents the nihilist with an inevitable tendency to madness. In Grande—who in his continual polishing of the opening sentence of his manuscript reminds one of the grotesques in Sherwood Anderson—is invested Camus's idea of the inherent virtue of the simple, inarticulate men who can rebel because

[7] For an expression of Camus's views of the Church and true Christianity, see *Actuelles; chroniques 1944-1948* (Paris, 1950), pp. 224-225.

when called upon they have the quiet courage of their good feelings. The city of Oran, representing the general ways of the world in duress, also has its function in the pattern. Camus contrives characters and situations to adorn preconceived, peremptory themes. Meursault and his world stick in the imagination; the characters and theme in *La Peste* may remain in the intellect, particularly if one has read *L'Homme révolté*.

In regard to characterization, perhaps Camus voluntarily imposed upon himself the common but not inevitable limitations of the *roman d'analyse* when he chose the scientific narrator Rieux and the philosophical diarist Tarrou to chronicle the events. Even if this imposition does not come from a furtive literary capitulation to the notion that serious, complex characters can become "memorable" without being individualized, the result in any case is that neither Tarrou nor Rieux is able artistically to reveal his own *inner* complexity through action or feeling or generalization. Rieux tells us he has gained his philosophy through suffering; he cannot make us feel his suffering or his transfiguration or his growth. (In *La Condition humaine*, the comments and analyses in their interwoven places—a host of them are made by the characters and the author—actually develop character and theme because Malraux has made the generalizations emotionally as well as philosophically incisive.) In *La Peste*, even a reader predisposed to be more interested in ideas and in mature characters than in primitives finds that the characters soon fail to move towards even the borderland of literary complexity and individuality. Meursault, a primitive, illuminates his own being—without any intellectual knowledge of the philosophy of the absurd.

Instead of a development of characters, the reader finds repetition in *La Peste*. Why are there so many cross-repetitions between Rieux's reflections and those in Tarrou's diary? Why so many statements concerning what Grande, Tarrou, Rambert, Cottard, and the plague symbolize? After all, the analyses of Tarrou and Rieux are almost immediately clear and hardly need to be reiterated. Camus hammers his characters and his themes almost flat. On this point the contrast between Camus and Proust is remarkable, even if a little unfair. Proust fills his volumes with characters who develop gradually and sometimes extraordinarily. Every time, or nearly every time, Marcel the narrator lets us again see familiar characters, he points up shades and contrasting colors that Marcel and we had not quite noticed before. Critics have shown that Marcel's omnipresent analyses by no means exhaust the meanings of Proust's characters and occasions, and future critics will discover even more of the as yet unrealized possibilities in Proust's creations. Readers and critics of *La Peste* will perhaps continue to want a fuller understanding of its ideas but hardly of its characters. Less un-

fair and more damaging to *La Peste* is a comparison with *L'Immoraliste* and *La Condition humaine*, each of which illustrates that even in the *roman d'analyse* characterization need not succumb to theme.

The theme in *La Peste* not only desiccates the characters but occasionally disturbs Camus's sensitive mastery of detail and of foreshadowing and motivation. In order more clearly to contrast Paneloux (in his second sermon) with a true healer and rebel like Rieux, Camus is forced first to make Paneloux a Jesuit scholar-priest who inexplicably has never once in his life come into direct contact with death despite the ravages of the plague, and then to bring him in (without any foreshadowing or motivation) as a witness to the death agonies of M. Othon's boy. And is there any real motivation—Camus's thematic purpose is obvious enough—for the judge's return to the quarantined municipal stadium to serve as a clerk? And when Camus here and there puts in contradictory details—for example, the people of Oran gave themselves to public pleasures and luxuries during the plague and, at the same time, "personne ne souriait dans les rues"—he is in each case more absorbed by an idea than in his craft.

For the artist, intellectuality and profound conceptions are unfortunately not enough. No doubt the themes and the characters and the situations in *La Peste* are a powerful argument for Promethean experience. Camus, who has been called a Pascal without God, understands deeply that it is through suffering rather than through happiness that modern man ascends to rebellion and understanding. The plague, Camus is saying, lies within all men and all societies; everyone knows the plague at some time, and no man can be sure when it may spring within him. Nevertheless, Camus maintains, men can intermittently show courage as well as fear, magnitude as well as meanness, and can experience friendship and love. Camus the intellectual has an enormous insight into most of the tragic dimensions of modern man. But in *La Peste*, unfortunately, his artistic powers are not Promethean.

A major clue to the misdirected shift in Camus's artistic sensibility and creativeness in *La Peste* lies in his notion that, whereas the true artist "transfigures reality," the American novelist offers only a crude realism. Art, for Camus, is a creative fusing of "reality" and man's ideal delineations of that reality.[8] In imposing form and unity upon reality, an art that separates itself from rough reality will end disastrously in a so-called abstract art, in "formalism," or else in an isolated romanticism. Conversely, when a daily reality is described photo-

[8] See *L'Homme révolté* (Paris, 1951), *passim; Actuelles*, pp. 253-267; also Sartre in "Qu'est-ce que la littérature," *Situations II*, pp. 89-115. The main documents containing Camus's aesthetic notions are: *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* (Paris, 1942), pp. 129-152; *L'Homme révolté*, pp. 313-342; and "The Artist in Prison," *Encounter*, II (Mar. 1954), 26-29. A good working bibliography on Camus can be found in Robert de Luppé, *Albert Camus* (Paris, 1952). Only French studies are listed.

graphically, mechanically, and is separated from its ideal figurations, the result is crude realism. The genuine artist, Camus concludes, exalts some and "rebels" against other aspects of reality, and searches within all in order to transfigure reality.

Camus admits that the American novel of the 1930s achieved a unity, but it was a "degraded" unity. The American novel, according to Camus, reduced men to elementals, and to outside appearances and casual or violent actions, the assumption being that man can be defined completely by his daily automatisms. The American writer does not analyze human passions fully, and explains no fundamental psychological motives. The American novel and *A la recherche du temps perdu* are at the opposite poles. The American way to unity is to level everything out. All the characters in American novels feel immediate sensations but are without a memory and an understanding of their past and future; they soon become interchangeable. Proust, says Camus, unites the immediate sensation with the memory of the past; he gives form to the inner as well as the outer reality. The American novel logically ends by taking for its unique subject the "innocent," the supposedly average man presented from a pathological point of view. The Americans are thereby guilty of excessive immersion in sensation and of an awesome deficiency of spirit. Thus in the 1950s, Camus—like many French critics and novelists—is echoing the obtuse and quaint criticism of Hemingway and Faulkner by American sociological critics of the 1930s.

Such views of the American novel and of transfiguration in art—views that, if true, would topple *L'Étranger* from its rightful eminence—have made Camus forget what he knew early in his career. Surely Camus should recognize that not every significant and bountiful movement in the arts need exaltedly become Promethean; the realms of reality and art are capacious. In the twentieth century, Hemingway especially has told us and has shown us that a writer may deliberately limit his world and, knowing deeply a particular reality, can reveal that reality in its fourth and fifth dimensions and thereby can create a kind of microcosm suggesting insights into the broader realities. Such an approach might preclude the achieving of a major tragic art, but it made possible—for Hemingway, for Camus in *L'Étranger*, and for others—a limited tragic sense manifested in an unpretentious and fine art. Jake Barnes and even Pedro Romero—and Meursault in *L'Étranger*—did not affirm man in his major spiritual triumphs over man's fate; but they found it possible honestly to affirm the slender virtues they had roughly extracted from the flux of existence. The major American novelists knew, artistically speaking, only the limited spiritual triumphs they had discovered possible to twentieth-century men caught in a formless flux whose traditional havens, with their well-

known markings, turn out to be mirages. They wrote about the people and the themes they felt they could render artistically, and they developed techniques capable of expressing a new and significant sense of reality. They left to other writers the grand themes, the heroic visions of mankind. Hemingway waspishly announced that "all bad writers are in love with the epic."

Camus is wrong in thinking that the main American novelists were crude realists with a degraded view of man. It is the characters who are primitives, not their creators. These American writers are observers and critics of their age, not apologists; they are explorers of the new ethics of total sincerity. And when Hemingway made explicit the spiritual triumph of his ancient mariner in *The Old Man and the Sea,* he did not surprise those readers who had already understood that Pedro Romero and Francis Macomber suggest the possibility of intermittent triumphs over the world and one's self. Nor was the general theme of Faulkner's Nobel Prize speech surprising to those who had been aware of the limited but honest affirmations in *The Bear* and *Light in August.* Beneath the toughness of the American novelists lies a questioning but rigorous idealism—much like the painfully extricated kind in *L'Étranger.* The American novel has bridged the old and long gap between primitivism and tragedy.

But even the Americans sometimes unlearn the lesson they had once made available to Camus and others—that a writer must cast aside, whether primly or desiringly, the temptation of his own profound conceptions that he cannot *as yet* realize in a major tragic art. Lacking this kind of humility, the artist will soon strain, will substitute rhetoric for the imagination and an intellectual for an artistic sense of tragedy. Such straining is especially obvious in Faulkner's *A Fable* (and in the vulgar rhetoric of his Nobel Prize speech). It is apparent in *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* which is much richer in its "ideas" and in its social and moral conceptions than *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* but is nonetheless clearly inferior to them in artistic achievement—apparent also in the Christ image superimposed upon Santiago, the old man. And, as we have seen, the straining is found when Camus moves from the egocentric ethics of the "absurd" in *L'Étranger* to the deeper social ethics of rebellion in *La Peste.*[9] Unfortunately, despite its ambition, *La Peste* turns out to be merely a tale to adorn a moral.

Surely Camus and other French novelists were right in borrowing from the American novel like monarchs and discarding its influence at will. But the lesson taught by the American novel remains—for them and others. If Camus persists in disregarding the lesson and its impli-

[9] Robert de Luppé, *op cit.,* finds in Camus's plays a similar development from "le théâtre absurde" of *Le Malentendu* and *Caligula* in 1944 to "le théâtre révolté" of *L'Etat de siège* (1949) and *Les Justes* (1949). See also René-Marill Albérès, *op. cit.,* pp. 65-81.

cations, his fine but not transfiguring art will be tempted away by his large moral and intellectual conceptions. Malraux, a novelist with a richer intellect and art, has for years refused to be tempted. Like Malraux and Sartre, perhaps Camus too has reached a point at which he can hear and understand the voices of silence but apparently—for the time being—can no longer create them.

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EL CONCEPTO DE LA POESÍA EN LA POESÍA DE JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

BERNARDO GICOVATE

AL ESTUDIAR a un poeta buscamos siempre llegar a aclarar nuestro concepto de la poesía. Sin embargo, el estudio de un poeta nos lleva sólo a comprender lo que creía ser poesía el poeta estudiado o lo que se creía en sus tiempos. Empero, como consuelo, nos queda la ilusión de que nuestra búsqueda no será infructuosa, porque la poesía debe ser precisamente lo que se ha creído que era poesía y la suma de lo que se ha creído ser poesía a través de la historia es todo lo que sabemos acerca de la naturaleza de la poesía.

A veces, para ayuda del lector, y desesperación del crítico, nos da el poeta estudiado en palabras claras su concepto de la poesía y el trabajo de investigación es innecesario. Tal parece ser el caso tratándose de Juan Ramón Jiménez, ya que los críticos se limitan a repetir una u otra de sus definiciones de la poesía. Desgraciadamente estas definiciones juanramonianas pertenecen no al reino de la investigación estética de la esencia de lo poético, sino al campo de penumbra en que se esconde el poeta para no explicarse; digámoslo con toda crueldad, al campo de la literatura, esa región que inventaron los decadentes y heredaron los modernistas a través de Darío.[1] Juan Ramón Jiménez, que se escapa de la literatura a través de cincuenta y más años de poetizar, cuando quiere escaparse al ojo escudriñador de la investigación filosófica cae de lleno en lo literario. Si hay dudas, recuérdese la poética que escribió para la antología de Gerardo Diego en 1931 y de la que basta una cita: "Poesía: Creo en la realidad de la Poesía. Y la entiendo como la eterna y fatal Belleza Contraria que tienta con su seguro secreto a tal hombre de espíritu ardiente."[2]

Debemos entonces buscar su concepto de la poesía en la obra poética de Juan Ramón Jiménez y no en su propia definición de lo poético, que es parte de la leyenda pseudomística que se ha formado el poeta para satisfacer a un público incrédulo. Como su producción poética abarca todo lo que va de nuestro siglo, encontraremos en ella sin duda una trayectoria que nos lleva paralelamente desde el modernismo de principios de siglo, con su fondo romántico-simbolista, a lo que es concepto de la poesía vigente en nuestros días, ya que, quiérase o no, la poesía de Jiménez es la fuerza directriz en el pensamiento poético actual de lengua española.

[1] Paul Verlaine, "Et tout le reste est littérature" ("Art poétique") y Rubén Darío, "con el horror de la literatura" ("Yo soy aquel...").

[2] Gerardo Diego, *Poesía española, Antología (1915-31)* (Madrid, 1932), p. 110.

Para empezar, fijémonos en lo que es más sencillo, en la plenitud, la sencillez de su poesía madura, para estudiar luego cómo llega el poeta a esta sencillez y a este concepto del arte. Tomemos como ejemplo un poemita muy corto y ya puesto en antología, por Jiménez mismo, ya que el libro en que aparece, *Poesía* (1923), es una antología de libros no publicados, y por Federico de Onís y Sánchez en su imprescindible *Antología de la poesía española e hispanoamericana* (Madrid, 1934):

SUR

Nostaljia aguda, infinita,
terrible de lo que tengo.

Es tan sencillo, tan claro el poema éste que no he encontrado nunca nadie que lo entendiese. Cuanto más, he visto un comentario sobre el sentimiento más o menos implícito ("the emotion of nostalgia, the longing itself is more important than the realization"[3]), pero sin darnos siquiera una idea vaga del significado de las palabras, del tema del poeta, y sin detenerse tampoco a examinar el extraño título. Pero precisamente, un poeta de precisión, como lo ha sido siempre Jiménez, no da título a un poema sin saber que, como el nombre de una persona o la portada de un libro, el título es un resumen del contenido de las palabras o páginas que se han de leer o de las cualidades de la persona cuyo nombre repetimos. Entonces "sur" contendrá el significado en escorzo de las ocho palabras que constituyen la frase poética aquí y tiene que encontrarse en la relación de título y poema la validez poética de la frase que, si no, sería sólo, como ve F. A. Pleak en su comentario, un grito de emoción sin orden. Pero es también claro inmediatamente que el significado corriente de la palabra "sur" como punto cardinal es insuficiente y no tenemos en español ningún significado figurado para este punto cardinal. Sí que lo tenemos, por el contrario, para el opuesto: "norte" quiere decir meta, dirección, destino de nuestro viaje, y si compendiamos todos nuestros viajes en uno—el viaje del vivir total nuestro—norte se convierte, como lo ha sido siempre en español, en la meta de nuestro existir. Pues entonces "sur" es lo que queda atrás en cada viaje, y en el viaje total, "Sur" será nuestro pasado, y llamamos nuestro al pasado porque lo poseemos tenazmente. Y es nuestro pasado tenaz lo único de lo que se puede sentir nostalgia aun cuando lo poseamos; cualquier otra nostalgia en cambio es nostalgia de lo que no tenemos, de lo que no podemos acariciar. "Sur" entonces es un poema de vejez, en su nostalgia del pasado: se es viejo sólo en la nostalgia del pasado que se tiene.

La definición de la experiencia y el rótulo "Sur"—creación de palabra en la lengua, o al menos extensión del significado de una palabra—constituyen lo que Jimenéz cree que debe ser su deber de poeta. En lo que tiene de expansión de los límites de la lengua, conquista de significado para las palabras inermes, su concepto coincide con el que se

[3] Frances Avery Pleak, *The Poetry of Jorge Guillén* (Princeton, 1942), p. 24.

atisba en los filósofos y críticos modernos. Por eso es que hablamos de que el idioma se transforma al paso de un gran poeta y de que los poetas pertenecen a la historia de la lengua. Para el español la obra de Jiménez marca un enriquecimiento y un cambio radical que ya ha dado resultado en la obra de los escritores recientes y que coloca a Jiménez en la historia junto con los maestros de la lengua. Asimismo, y lo vemos a través de este poema, llega el poeta en su obra madura a un concepto de la poesía en que se considera la definición conceptual de una experiencia humana como necesario elemento de la actividad poética. Como consecuencia, se desliga el poema casi completamente de la experiencia misma; aunque, poeta auténtico al fin, los rastros de lo vivido andan siempre en carne viva por sus versos.

Lo que nos queda por averiguar es como llega Jiménez a este concepto de lo poético, ya que una teoría de lo poético más no es ni novedad ni poesía. Lo que nos interesa es la trayectoria. Veamos como empieza el poeta en uno de sus poemas juveniles, de los que recogió en la sección "Anunciación" de la *Segunda antología poética (1898-1918)* (Madrid, 1923) y que en su mismo título nos indica el período de su vida a que se refiere:

ADOLESCENCIA

En el balcón, un instante
nos quedamos los dos solos.
Desde la dulce mañana
de aquel día, éramos novios.

—El paisaje soñoliento
dormía sus vagos tonos,
bajo el cielo gris y rosa
del crepúsculo de otoño—.

Le dije que iba a besarla;
bajó, serena, los ojos
y me ofreció sus mejillas,
como quien pierde un tesoro.

—Caían las hojas muertas,
en el jardín silencioso,
y en el aire erraba aún
un perfume de heliotropos—.

No se atrevía a mirarme;
le dije que éramos novios,
...y las lágrimas rodaron
de sus ojos melancólicos.

Se cuenta un caso o cuento en este poema y lo poético, el significado de la experiencia, no se nombra, aunque está en el poema, en existencia de sugestión y trasformado en cualidad de paisaje, como se ve en las dos estrofas parentéticas, la segunda y la cuarta, en que la melancolía de un estado de alma dibuja un crepúsculo de otoño donde erraba el

perfume de heliotropos que llegó a España en los libros del buen Samain. Estamos dentro de la técnica simbolista heredada por los poetas hispánicos, la técnica de sugerir por medio de imágenes vagas.

Si se yuxtaponen "Adolescencia" y "Sur" parece increíble que sea un mismo autor el que los ha escrito, aun teniendo en cuenta el paso de veinticinco años, porque hemos comparado los dos extremos de una trayectoria y nos faltan aquellos puntos decisivos en el camino de aprendizaje poético de Juan Ramón que nos expliquen los cambios y nos iluminen la unidad de su obra. De hecho, este camino, este estudio, debe tomar en cuenta uno por uno todos los poemas del autor y tratar de ordenar su trayectoria minuciosamente. He aquí el ideal crítico. Pero nos tenemos que contentar con algo mucho menos ambicioso, con el atisbo de un momento aquí o allá, con un mapa borroso del país explorado.

Aun en la juventud del poeta, unos pocos años después de escribir este poema, se ve un cambio fundamental en la técnica de Jiménez. Sigue el poeta basándose en los ideales poéticos del siglo diecinueve y aún se hallan presente en sus poemas las lecturas francesas.[4] Uno de estos poemas posteriores tiene como punto de partida un verso de "Sara la baigneuse" de *Les Orientales*:

FRANCINA EN EL JARDÍN

(. . . Rit de la fraicheur
de l'eau)
V. Hugo

Con lilas llenas de agua,
le golpeé las espaldas.

Y toda su carne blanca
se enjoyó de gotas claras.

¡Ay, fuga mojada y cándida,
sobre la arena perlada!

—La carne moría, pálida,
entre los rosales granas;
como manzana de plata,
amanecida de escarcha—.

Corría, huyendo del agua,
entre los rosales granas.

Y se reía, fantástica,
la risa se le mojaba.

Con lilas llenas de agua,
corriendo, la golpeaba . . .

Es cierto que también aquí el poema cuenta un episodio, pero la actitud del poeta es distinta. El episodio en sí es sólo la estampa en que se reproduce algo quizá ocurrido, quizá imaginado pero desligado en el

[4] Véase el capítulo "Resonancias," en Enrique Díez Canedo, *Juan Ramón Jiménez en su obra* (México, 1944), pp. 107-128.

poema de todo asidero en el pasado o con el futuro. De hecho, entonces, no hay cuento. Lo que nos molesta en "Adolescencia," malos lectores del siglo veinte, es la historia sentimental que se adivina antes y después del poema, mientras que en "Francina en el jardín" nos sentimos más a gusto dentro de un mundo más puramente simbolista, de imágenes rápidas y cambiantes. Que se ha ganado en concentración poética es innegable, pero lo que se ha perdido es algo que no vemos muy bien por causa de esta misma ceguera simbolista que nos hace parte de nuestra historia reciente. "Francina en el jardín" es, o quiere ser, sólo un barajar de imágenes, y es en la osadía imaginativa de juntar la imagen auditiva de la risa y la visual y tactil del agua—"la risa se le mojaba"—donde encontramos el centro del poema. La fuente está en el poema de Hugo, la técnica aun más que en el poema anterior en el simbolismo y en la decadencia con sus sinestesias y sus deseos de construir un poema por encadenamiento de imágenes.[5]

Pero cuando se usan palabras no puede libertarse el poeta de los resabios de pensamiento y emoción que acarrea el lenguaje: "la carne moría, pálida" nos atrae casi como si fuera pensamiento y aun el verso "la risa se le mojaba," por su misma novedad idiomática, parece indicar la existencia de una concepción del universo que el poema casi ofrece y no nos da. Claro que anda detrás del poema el concepto de las relaciones y correspondencias de los sentidos y la unidad universal que se puede encontrar en todo el simbolismo francés y que viene de las "Correspondances" de Baudelaire. Pero esto no es lo que ha pensado, hallado, vivido Juan Ramón Jiménez, y, a pesar de la excelencia de los poemas de esta época, el joven Jiménez no podría haber significado en la historia de la lengua lo que significa hoy, si no hubiera continuado y cambiado.[6] Pero el atisbo de su contribución propia anda por ahí, en sus poemas juveniles, lo que le falta al poeta es darse cuenta de qué es lo que lo distingue como poeta, como persona pensante independiente.

En su propia división de su obra en períodos, Jiménez nos habla de una época intermedia en su poetizar:

POESÍA

Vino, primero pura,
vestida de inocencia;
y la amé como un niño.

Luego se fué vistiendo
de no sé qué ropajes;

[5] Véase Emmy Nedderman, *Die symbolistischen Stilelemente im Werke von Juan Ramón Jiménez*" (Hamburg, 1935) y Raimundo Lida, "Sobre el estilo de Juan Ramón Jiménez," *Nosotros*, II (1937), 15-29.

[6] Algo similar ve Federico de Onís cuando dice: "Si la producción de Juan Ramón hubiera cesado entonces (i.e., 1907), sería en la poesía española algo semejante a Bécquer, un gran lírico único e insustituíble, pero monótono en el sentimiento y en la expresión." *Antología de la poesía española e hispano- americana* (Madrid, 1934), p. 576.

y la fuí odiando, sin saberlo.

Llegó a ser una reina,
fastuosa de tesoros...
¡Qué iracundia de yel y sin sentido!

Mas se fué desnudando.
Y yo le sonreía.

Se quedó con la túnica
de su inocencia antigua.
Creí de nuevo en ella.

Y se quitó la túnica,
y apareció desnuda toda...
¡Oh pasión de mi vida, poesía
desnuda, mía para siempre!

Eternidades (1916-17)

Sería ingenuo, ha sido ingenuo, otorgar validez crítica a este poema del autor, pero aun a riesgo de ser tachados de ingenuos diremos como asidero conveniente, que el segundo período de su obra se puede definir con las palabras "iracundia de yel y sin sentido," porque ellas nos definen el desorden sensorial que ya se vislumbra, pese al poeta, en sus primeros versos, y que se da en profusión en lo que se ha dado en llamar su segunda época (1907-15) a la cual pertenece "Francina en el jardín." Para seguir la línea de nuestro razonamiento diremos que al libertarse del cuento cae Jiménez en la elaboración sensoria del episodio, lo que no quita, dicho sea de paso, el extraordinario valor de muchos poemas de la primera y de la segunda época. Sólo indicamos aquí la falta de conciencia plena de cuál es el concepto de poesía que podrá abarcar su propia obra, y esta conciencia puede llegar sólo cuando le es posible al poeta echar un vistazo para atrás a una obra si no terminada—ya que la obra del poeta y del hombre no acaba nunca—digamos, a una obra empezada. Este concepto de su poesía es lo que llama el poeta "poesía desnuda." Lo malo es que es tan difícil saber qué es esta poesía desnuda como definir el concepto de poesía pura tan traído y llevado hace pocos años. Pero el nombre mismo es ya algo, y es posible hallarlo porque Jiménez había hallado ya su propio camino, quizá sin darse cuenta cabal de ello, y lo había marcado en un poema anterior, de los *Sonetos espirituales* (1915):

A MI ALMA

Siempre tienes la rama preparada
para la rosa justa; andas alerta
siempre, el oído cálido en la puerta
de tu cuerpo, a la flecha inesperada.

Una onda no pasa de la nada,
que no lleve de tu sombra abierta
la luz mejor. De noche, estás despierta
en tu estrella, a la vida desvelada.

Signo indeleble pones en las cosas.
Luego, tornada gloria de las cumbres,
revivirás en todo lo que sellas.

Tu rosa será norma de las rosas;
tu oír, de la armonía; de las lumbres
tu pensar; tu velar, de las estrellas.

Sin pretender analizar este soneto, que bien merece una exégesis detallada, prestemos atención a las palabras claves de cada una de las partes que lo componen—alerta, despierta, revivirás, norma. Pero antes de interpretar, digamos que el yo y el tú del poeta aquí no son ya la adolescente de ojos negros, ni Francina, ni el poeta mismo, ni su alma, aunque lo parezca en este soneto. Es que en la evolución ascendente de su pensamiento, se encuentra el poeta con que el yo que usaba en su juventud debe convertirse en el yo de la mente pensante, y el tú ahora será algo más abstracto: aquello en nuestro ser independiente de nuestro pensamiento y no el cuerpo. Aun cuando la experiencia poetizada pertenezca al autor, la poesía nos pertenece a los lectores. He aquí su descubrimiento. Esta alma del soneto se define en su cualidad de ser alerta, de estar atenta siempre tratando de captar de la nada extranjera y enemiga la luz del pensar. Este estar despierto de nuestra alma nos define entonces como pensamiento en la historia, como continuidad humana, y nos da el derecho de revivir en la lengua a la que damos normas. Nuestra alma, nuestra poesía, nuestra existencia es lenguaje, que es pensar, y en la audacia de sabernos centro de un universo pensado, nos aseguramos que hasta las estrellas se rigen por la norma viva de nuestra lengua.

Ahora podemos entender el orden que rige el desorden de poemas de la fecunda juventud de Juan Ramón Jiménez. Cada uno de sus poemas tiene su lugar en una vida alerta y continua en la que se reciben infinitas "ondas de la nada"—que es, es claro, lo que hacen todos los poetas. Lo que distingue a Juan Ramón es el haber reflexionado y ordenado y el haber poetizado la experiencia misma del poetizar. No es casualidad, se ve ahora, que en los últimos treinta años se haya dedicado Jiménez a reordenar y reagrupar constantemente una obra juvenil cuyo orden no se encontrará, no puede encontrarse, en las sucesivas y contradictorias agrupaciones en libros. El orden que rige su actividad poética es este otro ordenar interno que se define en el soneto "A mi alma" y en el poema "Sur," el cual adquiere ahora mayor densidad, ya que en nuestra primera lectura habíamos visto sólo la vejez del hombre, y ahora podemos ver la vejez de la mente que echa un vistazo atrás a todas las rosas que han sido normas de pensamiento.

Una vez que nos hemos adentrado en el pensamiento de Jiménez, podemos ofrecer ciertas correcciones al cuadro puramente literario con que se ha tratado de encasillar su poesía dentro de los ismos reinantes.

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El valioso estudio de Emmy Nedderman había primero presentado en detalle la técnica de Jiménez en lo que tiene de simbolista, o, quizá con más precisión, de impresionista. En un artículo posterior, la misma autora desarrolló las palabras finales de su tesis para definir un cambio de estilo en la larga labor del poeta, y concluía que Jiménez había pasado del simbolismo al expresionismo.[7] Pero en este cambio paralelo a la historia reciente, podemos ver más bien la trayectoria común de maduración de todo poeta, de la misma manera que Goethe había definido su madurez estética como el pasar de lo morboso a lo sano. No es extraño que Jiménez nos ofrezca una interpretación parecida de su trayectoria en el momento preciso en que se asoma a su madurez poética:

> Al mar y al amor.
> Verdad, sí, sí; ya habéis los dos sanado
> mi locura.
> *Diario de un poeta reciéncasado* (1916)

La herencia poética del siglo diecinueve nos traía un cúmulo de creencias y deseos, mayormente vagos y a veces contradictorios. El romanticismo, el simbolismo, nuestro modernismo hispánico se habían bañado en las turbias aguas de la sensación. Ya Keats pedía una vida de sensaciones, no de pensamiento,[8] y casi todos los poetas del siglo trataban de reproducir lo sensorial más que definir o vivir "la vida sin formas de la idea." Pero es de la excepción—cuando se la encuentra en Goethe, en nuestro Bécquer—que nacen las ideas más de nuestro siglo.

La revolución técnica que marca la madurez de Jiménez proviene del descubrimiento de que su misión poética no es la de narración de un momento sentimental o de recreación de lo sensorio o de un estado de alma decadente, sino la definición conceptual de una experiencia. Lo que va de la definición de Wordsworth, en pleno romanticismo, que concebía lo poético como el fluir espontáneo del sentimiento[9] al deseo juanramoniano de hallar "el nombre exacto de las cosas"[10] define este cambio del pensamiento moderno europeo en la manera de concebir la poesía.

Y de aquí que la corrección de su obra emprendida por Juan Ramón Jiménez trate tan a menudo de transformar un momento de sencilla

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[7] Aunque no se atreve a afirmarlo rotundamente, lo insinúa en estas palabras: "En su última evolución la que calma todas sus vivencias es una expresión acabadamente espiritual. Con ella se ha acercado aparentemente al expresionismo . . . ," "Juan Ramón Jiménez: sus vivencias y tendencias simbolistas," *Nosotros*, I (1936), 25.

[8] "O, for a life of sensations, rather than of thoughts," *Letters of John Keats*, ed. M. B. Forman (London, 1931), I, 73.

[9] "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings," William Wordsworth, "Preface," *Lyrical Ballads* (1800).

[10] "¡Intelijencia, dame
el nombre exacto de las cosas!"
Eternidades (1916-17).

narración o descripción y hacerlo esencial como definición y concepto. Pero también vive el poeta un largo período de madurez intelectual en el que, además de corregir sus poemas, ha escrito poemas de su nueva época y con la conciencia plena de su misión nueva. De entre ellos, "Los árboles hombres"[11] servirá como ejemplo no sólo de la teoría que concibe lo poético como definición conceptual de la experiencia vivida, sino también de la ampliación y universalización del tema definido. En este poema de éxtasis de ternura, los árboles hablan al hombre que se pasea "entre los troncos constantes." Lo que se trata de definir es la cualidad transitoria de lo humano en oposición a la constancia de los árboles: "mi forma de hombre errante," dice el poeta. Pero no queda satisfecho de este primer ensayo y al fin del poema se encuentra con la definición plena de lo transitorio, cuando apenas puede decirles a los árboles, con sutil novedad que "era sólo el pasante."

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[11] *Romances de Coral Gables* (México, 1948), pp. 38-40.

T. S. ELIOT AND THE POETRY OF GEORGE SEFERIS

EDMUND KEELEY

THE nature and extent of T. S. Eliot's influence on the Greek poet, George Seferis, and through him, on the course of contemporary Greek poetry, has been an issue in Greek literary circles since the publication of Seferis's translation of *The Waste Land* and other poems in 1936. A discussion of this issue may interest students of Eliot because it offers, through the example of his relation to one poet, an insight into the broader subject of Eliot's relation to the modern European tradition, an intimation of the role he has played in defining the poetic consciousness of Europe. Equally significant, it may help to introduce a poet of indisputable stature in Greek letters who has established a reputation in England and France but who has received only sparse recognition in this country.

The few Greek critics of Seferis who are capable of reading Eliot do not argue so much about the fact of influence as about the degree. Seferis himself has acknowledged a certain debt to the English poet in a letter of tribute which he wrote for *T. S. Eliot: A Symposium*:

> There are critics in my country who say that in the few poems I have written they discern the influence of Eliot. This does not surprise me, for I believe that there is no parthenogenesis in art. Each of us is made of a number of things, and the lion, too, "est fait de mouton assimilé," wrote Paul Valéry. Precisely, for it is the assimilation that matters—but it is very difficult to discuss such an obscure process.[1]

This acknowledgement is, however, antithetic in implication to the inference of Timos Malanos in Ἡ Ποίηση τοῦ Σεφέρη. Malanos maintains, without the advantage, always, of credible evidence, that Seferis "has not yet succeeded in nullifying his debt to Eliot with his personal stamp" and "has not the strength to betray Eliot."[2] We can arrive at a resolution of this antithesis only by examining the text of the poems that Seferis wrote after he became acquainted with the English poet's work, against the background of his earlier expression.

In Seferis's early work we find evidence that the poet assimilated first of all the writers of his own tradition: classical, Byzantine, and post-Byzantine. His interest includes the period after the liberation from Turkish occupation, when the tradition received a new impetus in the poetry of Solomos, Palamas, and, in this century, Cavafy and Sikelianos. The most obvious signs of his assimilation are to be seen in the early poem "The Companions in Hades," which depends on an analogy to

[1] London, 1948, pp. 126-135. All subsequent references to this letter are to this edition.

[2] Alexandria, 1951, pp. 89-90.

the Homeric action, and "Song of Love," which is colored throughout by the language, imagery, and mood of Vitzentzos Cornaros' *Erotocritos*, a Cretan epic-romance of the seventeenth century. The early poetry also illustrates clearly Seferis's debt to French symbolism and surrealism. We cannot read *The Cistern*, for example, without recalling Valéry, or "The Mood of a Day" without recalling Eluard. The influence of the Greek tradition and modern French poetry remained constant throughout Seferis's development; these two sources are largely responsible for the shape of the early poetry, and they continue to exert an influence in his more mature works, though Baudelaire, Mallarmé, and Rimbaud are more in evidence than Valéry and Eluard.

What the present article attempts is an assessment of the particular effect that Seferis's discovery of T. S. Eliot had upon his mature work, not to the exclusion of other influences already mentioned, but in conjunction with them.

Seferis tells us in his letter of tribute to Eliot that he first read the English poet in 1931, two years before he began work on *Mythical Story*,[3] the most ambitious poem he had yet attempted, and for our purposes the most significant, because it is in the context of this poem that we must evaluate the immediate effect of his recent reading. An affinity to Eliot is discernible first of all in the method of the poem—what Eliot has designated, in his famous review of Joyce's *Ulysses*,[4] as the "mythical method." Seferis here attempts to give "a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history" by using the Argonaut myth and the mythology of Homer to manipulate "a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity." Seferis's method is that of *The Waste Land*; the mythological characters who form the composite "voice" of the poem are transplanted from past to present and given a modern dress. As Seferis says, in an illuminating note on the mythology of his poetry which appeared in Ἀγγλοελληνικὴ Ἐπιθεώρηση (July 1950),

> Men of inconstancy, of wanderings and wars, although they differ and may change according to greatness and value . . . , always move, however, among the same monsters and the same longings. Thus, we keep the symbols and the names that the myth has brought down to us, suffice it that we know the typical characters

[3] The translations of verse in this article are my own. The full text of *Mythical Story* and several later poems can be found in *The King of Asine and Other Poems*, trans. Bernard Spencer et al. (London, 1948), and I have adopted several of the titles which appear in this English translation in order to facilitate reference to it. In this instance, however, I prefer "Mythical Story" to "Myth of our History," as it appears in the English version, because the former more nearly approximates the literal meaning of *μυθιστόρημα*, i.e., "novel." In a note to the poem, Seferis writes: "Μυθιστόρημα: it is its two components that made me choose the title of this work: Μύθος because I have used, clearly enough, a certain mythology: Ἱστορία because I have tried to express, in a certain sequence, a situation as independent of me as the characters in a novel."

[4] *The Dial*, Nov. 1923, p. 483.

have been changed in accordance with the passing of time and the different conditions of our world.

What Eliot attempts with the Fisher King, the Phoenician Sailor, and Ferdinand Prince of Naples, Seferis attempts with Ulysses, Elpenor, and Orestes. The central personage in the poem is an exiled voyager who waits with the expectation of Ulysses and suffers with his longing but who is incapable of meeting the challenges of exile with cunning. His companion, Elpenor, is still "l'homme moyen sensuel" of Homer who broke his neck in a drunken fall from Circe's palace and then begged to be honored after death; but here we find him among the companions who die justly forgotten by all. The modern Orestes is pursued by the same furies that tormented his ancient prototype, but in this world he fails to gain absolution.

Though the method of the poem reveals a clear affinity to that of Eliot (an affinity that extends to Yeats and Joyce), we cannot say that Seferis first became aware of this use of myth through his reading in English poetry, since his early poem, "The Companions in Hades" (1931), can be called an experiment in adaptation for similar effect. Yet with *Mythical Story* and other poems written during this period, the synthesis of past and present through the agency of myth becomes, for the first time, the central preoccupation of Seferis's art, a preoccupation that remains more or less constant throughout his subsequent work. It is probable that his acquaintance with Eliot encouraged this development.

We also find parallels to Eliot in the cosmography of *Mythical Story*, in the landscape, climate, inhabitants, and symbols that define its world. Of the twenty-two sections of the poem, "8" serves best as a point of departure:

> What do our souls seek journeying
> on the decks of decayed ships
> crowded in with sallow women and crying infants
> unable to forget, either with the flying fish
> or the stars which the tips of the masts indicate.
> Ground by gramophone records
> bound unwillingly by nonexistent pilgrimages
> murmuring broken thoughts from foreign tongues?
> What do our souls seek journeying
> on rotten, sea-borne timbers
> from harbor to harbor?
>
> Removing broken stones, inhaling
> the coolness of the pines with less ease each day
> swimming in the waters here of this sea
> and there of that sea
> without touch
> without men
> in a country which is no longer ours
> nor yours.

> We knew that the islands were beautiful
> somewhere round about here where we are groping
> a little lower or a little higher
> the slightest distance.

The sense of futility, of inadequacy, in this section is established first of all through the symbol of a decayed ship sailing without direction. The image of the ship calls to mind a similar image in Eliot's "Marina," the poem which first attracted Seferis to the English poet: "Bowsprit cracked with ice and paint cracked with heat . . . / The rigging weak and the canvas rotten . . . / The starboard strake leaks, the seams need caulking." It is the same ship employed in quite a different context; for in "Marina" the decaying ship is not the instrument of a futile voyage but in Marina's joyous reunion with her father. Yet it is emblematic of the old and dying order which Pericles will now resign for a more vital order; and it is in contrast to the "new ships" of the same poem, as Seferis's "rotten . . . timbers" are in contrast to the colored and shining ships, with "white sails and light and damp oars," of section "13." The beautiful islands in the last stanza also have an equivalent in "Marina"; they offer a hope for the rejuvenation, the exultation, that Eliot conveys in his poem through the vision of seas, shores, granite islands, and the ship's bow in lapping water.

Commenting on the opening description in "Marina," Seferis writes in his letter of tribute: "this lovely bow which forges slowly ahead has impressed itself on my mind as one of the most striking features of Eliot's poetry," especially striking to Seferis because it recalled for him, during his first experience with "the sour taste of death" in a London fog, the temperate beauty of the Mediterranean. He also mentions that the bows of ships have a special place in the psychological background of his childhood, as indeed they would to a native of Smyrna. It is likely, therefore, that the image in *Mythical Story* was already in the poet's mind before he read Eliot; a related ship, considerably more gay but no less fated, appears in one of his earliest poems, "The Mood of a Day." Nor is Eliot by any means the only poet who used this image; we find parallel imagery in Baudelaire's *Journaux Intimes* (Fusées, VIII), in his "Un Voyage à Cythère," and in Valéry's "Hélène," among others works that Seferis would have read. Yet the fact that Seferis refers specifically to the ship in "Marina" suggests that Eliot's poem may have inspired the Greek poet to reveal and expand an image latent in his native consciousness, or at least that Eliot assisted the metamorphosis of an image not quite latent.

The voyagers (one might say "companions") of *Mythical Story* are clearly akin to the inhabitants of the waste-land cosmos of Eliot's early poetry. In the section quoted above, we see that they are incapable of escaping the furies which harass them; worn out by gramophone records, the tumult and absurdity of contemporary life, as are the resi-

dents of Eliot's London waste land, they can only murmur broken thoughts from foreign tongues; bound unwillingly by nonexistent pilgrimages, they can only move within the confines of a circle, from harbor to harbor, sea to sea. Their plight is symptomatic of a spiritual marasmus which is indicated physically by a loss of sensibility; they cannot feel the coolness of the pines with ease and they have lost the sense of touch. Eliot suggests a spiritual marasmus and an incapacity for action through much the same metaphor in "Gerontion": "I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch"; and again, in *The Hollow Men*: "Shape without form, shade without colour, / Paralysed force, gesture without motion." There is an even closer parallel to *The Hollow Men* in "4" of Mythical Story, where the Argonaut companions toil at the oar submissively, enduring the wind and the rain, the night and the sun, "without changing in the midst of change"; to use Eliot's phrase, they "grope together / And avoid speech / Gathered on this beach of the tumid river" to die a death that is justly forgotten. The incapacity of the voyagers is also manifest in their sexual inadequacy, a theme with obvious counterparts in *The Waste Land*. Seferis discloses this characteristic in "10":

> And our weddings, the cool coronals and the fingers
> become enigmas inexplicable to the soul.
> How were our children born, how did they grow?
> ... When we go down
> to the harbors on Sunday to breathe,
> we see, alight in the sunset,
> the broken timbers of voyages unfinished,
> bodies that no longer know how to love.

This sterility of body and spirit is mirrored by the landscape which confines the land-bound companions of *Mythical Story*. On the surface it is the landscape of Greece, with its arid mountains, dry cisterns, and crumbling marble ruins. But it also has the symbolic connotation of Eliot's waste land, a land "where the sun beats, / And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief, / And the dry stone no sound of water," where the son of man finds only a "heap of broken images" to worship. As Seferis phrases it in "10": "we have no rivers, we have no wells, we have no springs, / only a few cisterns, and these empty, which echo and which we worship." The signs of heat and drought, which are pervasive in *The Waste Land*, also appear throughout *Mythical Story*. In "2" we find: "every moment filled with silence, without a drop of water," and in "19": "if the wind blows it does not cool us / and the shade remains narrow under the cypresses."

It is interesting that both poets select the image of an empty cistern to symbolize the exhausted resources of the spirit. Eliot's "voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells" in Part V of *The Waste Land* is echoed first in the passage from "10" quoted above and again

in "15": "those who speak to cisterns and wells in solitude / and drown in the circles of their voice." We find another close parallel in the image of decay outlined by the stone ruins which clutter the landscape of both poets. The "broken marble" and "tragic column" of "6," the "broken statues" of "21," and the "broken stones" of "8" and "22" are emblematic of the same induration of the soul that Eliot symbolizes in the "broken stone" and "broken column" of *The Hollow Men* and the "heap of broken images" in *The Waste Land*.

As these parallels demonstrate, Eliot has undoubtedly influenced the cosmography of *Mythical Story*; but this influence needs careful definition. In the first place, we cannot assume that Eliot is directly responsible for the poem's landscape, since it is indigenous to the Greek poet. Seferis has not superimposed a foreign landscape on the native setting of his poem, as the English poet has done with the landscape of his myth in *The Waste Land*. The naturally arid Greek setting offered Seferis adequate material for the symbolic structure of the poem. There is a definite possibility, however, that Eliot influenced the selection of details, though we must acknowledge that two major symbols, the ship and the cistern, were already in the poet's consciousness by the time he began to study English, and that other poets who use similar imagery may also have inspired Seferis: the quotation from Rimbaud which prefaces the poem, "si j'ai du goût, ce n'est guères / que pour la terre et les pierres," is significant here. We must also acknowledge a distinction between Eliot and Seferis in the thematic import of their symbolism. In the former, the image of spiritual decay is commanded in large part by a Christian persuasion; the hope for deliverance (realized in "Marina") is a hope for Christian regeneration. In Seferis, the image of decay is offered solely with reference to the Greek heroic tradition; the hope for deliverance lies in a return to the values of that tradition:

> Since we have known this fate of ours so well
> wandering around among broken stones, three or six
> thousand years...
> trying to remember dates and heroic deeds...
> shall we now be able to die according to the rules?

These distinctions suggest that the affinity between Seferis and Eliot has its source in a similarity of presentation rather than perception; in other words, the particular vision of *Mythical Story* is Seferis's own, but Eliot has influenced the manner in which the vision is expressed. We find some evidence for this conclusion in the Greek poet's letter of tribute, where we learn that "the dramatic manner of expression" in *The Waste Land* aroused his interest from the first reading, "dramatic" in the sense that Eliot treated "thirsting despair . . . in terms of actual human character." One feature of *Mythical Story* that distinguishes it

from Seferis's earlier works is the dramatic, objective treatment of "thirsting despair" through the characters of Ulysses, Elpenor, Orestes, and the Argonauts. For the subjective voice of most of his early works, the poet has substituted an impersonal voice with an independent consciousness of its own, shaped in the matrix of Greek mythology. As Seferis explains in a note on the title of the poem, he has attempted to create a state of mind "as independent of [the author] as the characters in a novel." The example of Eliot inspired this new development.

Eliot's influence is also apparent in another aspect of the phrase "manner of expression"—the elements of style. Seferis attempts free verse for the first time in *Mythical Story*, and the rhythmic structure within the new form is modeled after patterns in Eliot. In both poets, rhythm is frequently prompted by parallel phrasing, with repetitions of initial or final words. We find some experimentation with this structure in his early work, notably *The Cistern* (1932), but the affinity with Eliot is much stronger in this period. The variety of parallels suggests that the English poet aided George Seferis in developing his free-verse rhythm.[5]

The precise imagery and terse expression of *Mythical Story* are a second stylistic development for which Eliot is in part responsible. Seferis began the process of excision and purification in *The Cistern*, but that poem still manifests an abundance of conventional figures of speech and an occasional florid image reminiscent of his earliest poetry.[6] In *Mythical Story* the images are controlled and the descriptions precise and unadorned in the manner of Eliot. We can discern from the introduction to Seferis's translation that he was impressed by these qualities in the English poet, because he describes Eliot's style (in contrast to that of Jules Laforgue) in words which are applicable to his own development at this time: "the tone is deeper, the rhythm slower, tighter, without whirlings. The images more fully developed, more appropriate, with fewer ornaments."[7] The analogy may be suggested, at least, by the following juxtaposition, even if it cannot be established with certainty when the Greek is offered in translation:

Eliot (*The Waste Land*, I):

> A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
> And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
> And the dry stone no sound of water

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[5] Since Seferis's rhythm cannot be reproduced exactly in a translation, it is suggested that those who wish to examine parallels in rhythm consult the original Greek with reference to the following examples, among others that might be cited: Seferis, "16," lines 1-3, and Eliot, *The Waste Land*, II, lines 45-47; Seferis, "13," line 19, and Eliot, *ibid.*, line 36; Seferis, "Santorin," lines 27-31, and Eliot, *The Hollow Men*, V, lines 5-10.

[6] E.g., "the sleeping beast / which knocked on sleep to ask for / the garden where silver drops."

[7] Θ. Σ. Ελιοτ: Ἡ Ἔρημη Χώρα καί ἄλλα ποιήματα (Athens, 1949), p. 20.

Seferis ("10"):

> We have no rivers, we have no wells, we have no springs
> only a few cisterns, and these empty, which echo and
> which we worship

Along with the corresponding rhythmic structure, there is an analogous technique of suggestion in the two passages. Both poets convey a sense of spiritual aridity by presenting concisely the elements that constitute an arid setting, and in both, these elements are set in relief by a series of negations. We find connotative adjectives and verbs, but not the conventional trappings of ornate imagery; this frugality permits a more direct and dramatic symbolism than would be possible if the style were elaborate and periphrastic. Eliot's style varies with the demands of his subject, and he can be disturbingly periphrastic, as in the opening of Part V of *Ash Wednesday*. But in the poems that first impressed Seferis in 1931, from which our parallels are drawn, the expression is unadorned, the rhythm tight, and the images appropriate. The fact that these same qualities became characteristic of the poetry Seferis wrote immediately after 1931, in contrast to his early poetry, is definite evidence that Eliot influenced the evolution of the Greek poet's mature style.

The pattern of influence in method and style which we have seen in *Mythical Story* continues through Seferis's later work; the distinction in theme and intent also remains the same. The portrait in Seferis's "An Old Man" (1940), for example, resembles that in Eliot's "Gerontion," but the resemblance is physical more than spiritual. Seferis's old man "has no eyes, not even in his hands," and "does not distinguish things"; he is "an empty sheath, cricket in a hollow tree." Gerontion too has lost his "sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch," and he is characterized by a metaphor more blunt than Seferis's but with the same connotation of vacuity: "a dull head among windy spaces." Yet unlike Eliot, Seferis does not correlate the physical and the spiritual, the actual and the symbolic. His portrait is really a line drawing which we see from too distant a prospect to establish the cause of the effect that it portrays. The difference between these two poems is a matter not only of technique but also of intention. Eliot's imagery is fashioned to express a definite theme, a cause, ordered by the poet's Christian persuasion, or by his consciousness of the need for a vital persuasion—which Gerontion lacks. Seferis is attempting merely to fashion a mood, an impression, out of the material he sees before him—an old man standing in the gutter of a village road. If the material has a symbolic value, it is a value without reference to a clearly defined, persuasive cause.

In another poem of this period, "An Old Man on the River Bank" (1942), the poet's conception more nearly approximates a related con-

ception in Eliot's *The Dry Salvages*.[8] The principal symbol of Seferis's poem is a river, which is described in a manner that immediately recalls the opening description in Eliot's poem.

Seferis:

> the long river...
> which was once a god and then became a road and a benefactor,
> a judge and delta,
> which is never the same, as the ancient wisemen taught,
> and yet the same body remains, the same bed, and
> the same symbol,
> the same orientation...
> This current which goes on its way and which is not so
> different from the blood of men
> and the eyes of men when they look straight beyond without
> fear in their hearts.

Eliot:

> I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
> Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,
> Patient to some degree, at first recognized as a frontier
> Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;
> Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges—

Both poets establish the symbolic significance of the river by contrasting its inconstant role in history, in the mind of man, with its timelessness. Both poets imply that there is an identification between the river and man: in Seferis's poem, the river is analogous to man's eternal courage and hope, which transcend his moments of fear or despair; in *The Dry Salvages*, it is analogous to the timeless force of nature in man, his recurrent seasons and rages, which dwellers in the city and worshipers of the machine choose to ignore or forget. The implication is more positive in Seferis's poem, but the two conceptions are not unrelated.

In Seferis's "The Thrush" (1946), we find additional evidence that the opening passage of *The Dry Salvages* left a clear impression on the Greek poet's mind; again it is a parallel of manner and tone in description. The modern Ulysses of this poem has arrived at the island of Poros after experiencing the sustained terror and loss of war, as his prototype arrived at Circe's Isle of Aeaea after the unnerving episode with the bag of winds and the loss of eleven ships to the Laestrygonians. He cannot respond entirely to the sensual luxury of Circe's palace, a house by the sea called "Calm," because his thoughts return to the houses of his childhood in a lost homeland:[9]

[8] In his letter of tribute, Seferis mentions that he read *The Dry Salvages* in 1941. The parallel between these two poems is mentioned by Malanos in his study.

[9] See the poet's discussion of his protagonist in Ἀγγλοελληνικὴ Ἐπιθεώρηση, July 1950, pp. 501-502.

I do not know much about houses
I know they have their race, nothing else.
New at first, like babies
that play in gardens with the fringe of the sun,
they embroider colorful shutters and shining doors
upon the web of the day;
when the architect has finished, they change,
they wrinkle, or smile, or even grow obstinate...
I remember their joy and their sorrow.

As in *The Dry Salvages,* the speaker here states that he does not know much about his subject and then proceeds to tell us, with the tone of personal discourse, just what he does know about his subject—characteristics, positive and negative, that change with the passing of time. The similarity of manner and tone is so pronounced that one might suspect Seferis intended a parody of Eliot, were it not quite apparent that the poet has a more serious intention in mind, to capture the mood of a highly subjective recollection that really has nothing to do with Eliot.

The closest parallel in the later poetry is "Stratis the Mariner on the Dead Sea" (1940), a poem influenced extensively by *The Waste Land.* It is as if Seferis took up Eliot's phrase, "Jerusalem Athens Alexandria / Vienna London / Unreal," and gave voice to his own vision of a waste-land macrocosm with specific reference to the microcosmic setting of Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, as Eliot had done previously with the microcosm of London and the river Thames. The parallel is made emphatic by the opening line: "Jerusalem, ungoverned city," repeated as a refrain throughout the first part, in simulation of Eliot's refrain: "Unreal City." The "voice" of the poem offers: "Come with me and I will show you the setting," and we are shown the Dead Sea, where

there are no fish
there is no sea-weed
nor any sea-urchins
there is no life.

Eliot's protagonist offers: "(Come in under the shadow of this red rock), And I will show you... fear in a handful of dust." We learn that Seferis's Dead Sea is as barren of life as Eliot's waste land, as his hollow valley of dying stars. The refugees of the earthly Jerusalem speak in the "unknown tongues" of Babel, which are unrelated to any tradition; and their chapels, built on legendary sites, are identified by the appropriate Biblical passages rendered in a foreign tongue (English). They are therefore as ignorant of the past and its message as are the dead crowds passing over London Bridge in *The Waste Land* or the drifting voyagers in *The Dry Salvages.* The refugee children are nourished on dirt and the sins of their fathers. The middle-aged feel the growing chasm between body and soul; they stand upright, "embalmed bishops," only to die one evening in the seaweed of the deep,

like the drowned men of "Mr. Apollinax." In the words of *The Waste Land*, they "who were living are now dying / With a little patience," that is, with the same apathy towards rebirth which we find in the living dead of this poem and *The Hollow Men*, among others. Seferis chants, in familiar rhythms,

> We are all like the Dead Sea
> many fathoms under the surface of the Aegean...
> enemies and friends
> children, wife
> and relatives...
> very happy
> that they await
> no message.

The structure of "Stratis the Mariner on the Dead Sea" also manifests the influence of Eliot. The poem is divided into three movements, each set apart from the others by an abrupt shift in cadence and each concerned with a specific variation of the poem's general theme. The first movement offers a series of images to complement the refrain: "Jerusalem, ungoverned city" and "Jerusalem, city of refugees." A shift in cadence introduces the second movement, which relates the story of three "enslaved," long-suffering monks who made a pilgrimage from Mt. Athos to the Holy Land and there, on the banks of the River Jordan, moored their red caïque: "the offering of a refugee." The third movement presents, in a new cadence, images related to the Dead Sea, with the generalized conclusion that "we continue our tour / many fathoms under the Aegean." The structure of this movement derives directly from Part V of *The Hollow Men*. The opening stanza is set off by a distinctive cadence; the three dimeter stanzas which follow it are made a unit by the repetition of the initial words in each and a refrain which disintegrates at the end of the third stanza in the unit and is succeeded by lines which echo the cadence of the opening stanza. The structure of the poem as a whole, however, is related more closely to *The Waste Land*, where the same principle is operative—abrupt shifts in cadence between movements which develop variations on a constant theme. "The Fire Sermon" is an apt example: the slow rhythms of the Thames song which open the poem are juxtaposed with the staccato cadence of Philomela's song; the description of the fishermen's bar and Magnus Martyr, with its extended cadence, its "Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold," is juxtaposed with the quick, broken rhythms of the first Thames-daughter's lamentation. The final stanza, truncated to emphasize the one word "burning," draws together the specific thematic motifs developed in each movement by recapitulating the general theme of the need for purgation in a world of burning lust.

The parallel between the two poets in this instance is exceptional because it penetrates beyond the area of method and style into the area

of perception, an almost identical consciousness of apathy and despair. Yet the fact that two poets reveal a like perception does not necessarily indicate imitation or deliberate adaptation, as Timos Malanos seems to imply. There are sufficient examples in the history of literature to substantiate this reservation; but we can cite, as a case in point, the remarkable similarity between the symbols of futility in Part II of *The Dry Salvages* and the major symbolism of the earlier *Mythical Story*. It is hardly necessary to point out that Eliot was not yet acquainted with the poetry of Seferis at the time he wrote *The Dry Salvages*.[10]

As this parallel demonstrates, two related perceptions may be related coincidentally. The evidence of Eliot's influence in method and style is substantial enough to suggest that the relation between the two poets in the area of perception may not be quite so casual, yet we must keep in mind that they are of the same generation and have therefore observed the same "panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history." As Seferis puts it in his letter of tribute, "in one way or another, in a positive or negative, direct or indirect manner, the feeling 'Waste Land' (let us call it this for short) runs through all the poetic expression of our times." The theme of thirsting despair in Seferis's poetry which seems to derive directly from Eliot is in fact the common property of their generation; and the movement in France which gave a certain formal shape to this theme, the movement which led eventually to "the search for a technique of Despair," as Seferis defines it in the same letter, was a common source for poets of that generation. It is for this reason that we find a comparable theme of apathy and despair in the poetry Seferis wrote under the influence of contemporary French literature, before he read Eliot.

The English poet's contribution to Seferis's development lies in the particular manner he chose to express this common theme. Seferis mentions especially Eliot's treatment of despair through actual human character, but we might add his use of myth and symbol to shape the formless present, his use of precise and unadorned imagery to suggest spiritual aridity, and his use of a flexible rhythmic structure, of abrupt shifts in cadence, repetition, and broken rhythms, to dramatize thematic motifs. We have seen that these elements became characteristic of Seferis's manner of expression immediately after he read Eliot; these elements therefore define the nature and extent of Eliot's influence.

In an analysis of the affinity between a poet and one of his literary masters, there is inevitably a distortion which can prove misleading to

[10] In a letter to the writer, Mr. Eliot says: "I am indeed acquainted with some of Mr. Seferis's poetry, though of course, I only know it in translation. I can decipher but hardly appreciate modern Greek poetry in its own language. I have a high opinion of Mr. Seferis as a poet, and so far as I can judge, his translations, especially of some of the choruses of *Murder in the Cathedral*, read extremely well." The French and English translations of Seferis appeared after the publication of *The Dry Salvages*.

some readers. The critic selects for treatment only those poems which are relevant to the affinity and ignores others which may better represent the original vision of the poet or which help to complete what must be, in an analysis of this kind, only a partial representation of the poet's art. There is also the danger that some readers may be led to misinterpret evidence of influence as evidence of weakness—an indication that a poet or tradition is too dependent on the inspiration of foreign sources, as one sometimes hears in Greek literary circles. Seferis offers an indirect defense against this misinterpretation in the introduction to his translation of Eliot. With reference to Poe and Mallarmé, Eliot and Laforgue, he says:

> We see writers who, the more they seek to express the incommutable element that they bear in themselves, the more they feel stronger kinships with creators outside the area of their language, who in their turn help them to find, in their own tradition, the most original and the least exhausted sources. "Every time," wrote Rémy de Gourmont, "that you see some movement in a certain literature, look outside this literature for the strength which animates it."[11]

We can conclude that Eliot, along with the French symbolists and surrealists, helped Seferis to find in his own tradition the least exhausted sources, and that he opened to the Greek poet several significant possibilities for the further development of his art. We need conclude no more. Out of the mythology and landscape of Greece, Seferis has created a new world to represent his particular vision of contemporary history. If Eliot influenced the way in which the characters and symbols of this world are ordered, the new vision and the new world still remain in essence Seferis's own.

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[11] Θ. Σ. Ελιοτ, p. 18.

ROMANTIC MELANCHOLY IN CHATEAUBRIAND AND KIERKEGAARD

RONALD GRIMSLEY

THE striking impact of the German romantics upon Kierkegaard is apt to obscure the important role played by French writers in determining his final appraisal of romanticism.[1] It is only natural that Kierkegaard, for whom melancholy was an anguishing personal problem, should have studied a literature which contained outstanding examples of this fundamental romantic mood. In particular, the comparison between Chateaubriand and Kierkegaard attempted in this article is suggested not only by the obvious importance of melancholy in the life and work of both men but also by the fact that the second part of *Either / Or* has for its epigraph a quotation from *Atala*.[2] Moreover, the unhappy narrator of *René* has such close affinities with the tormented author of *Either / Or* that it would be surprising if Chateaubriand were not one of the authors Kierkegaard had in mind during his examination of this typically romantic phenomenon.

A confrontation of the two writers will thus help towards an understanding both of their individual work and of romantic melancholy itself. It is especially with this latter question that the present study will be concerned, although the wider issue is considered in the light of two specific attempts (*René* and *Either / Or*) to portray its essential characteristics. Since this article—like an earlier one on Molière and Kierkegaard[3]—is concerned primarily with two fundamental attitudes rather than with the more limited question of "influences," it will tend to see melancholy as a definite cultural phenomenon expressed through a particular aesthetic medium and will deal only indirectly with the problem

[1] There is not, I believe, any systematic study devoted exclusively to the subject of Kierkegaard's relations with French romanticism. Two useful individual contributions have been made by P. H. Tisseau, "*L'Adolphe* de B. Constant et la *Répétition* de Kierkegaard," *RCL*, XIII (1933), 239-258, and "La *Confession* de Musset et le *Banquet* de Kierkegaard," *RCL*, XIV (1934), 491-511. For more general indications see G. Niedermeyer, *Sören Kierkegaard und die Romantik* (Leipzig, 1909); F. A. Voigt, *Sören Kierkegaard im Kampfe mit der Romantik, der Theologie und der Kirche* (Berlin, 1928); Jean Wahl, *Etudes kierkegaardiennes* (Paris, 1938); James Collins, *The Mind of Kierkegaard* (Chicago, 1953); R. Grimsley, *Existentialist Thought* (Cardiff, 1955).

[2] The quotation reads: "Les grandes passions sont solitaires, et les transporter au désert, c'est les rendre à leur empire." The words are spoken by the old Indian, Chactas, who narrates to René the tragic story of his love for Atala. Rousseau had already said: "Toutes les grandes passions se forment dans la solitude" (*La Nouvelle Heloïse*, Part I, Letter 33).

[3] "The Don Juan Theme in Molière and Kierkegaard," *CL*, VI (1954), 316-334. The present article is intended—in spite of its different subject matter—to form a kind of complement to the earlier discussion.

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of its psychological and literary genesis.[4] In selecting Chateaubriand and Kierkegaard as two noteworthy examples of romantic melancholy, I have not been guided solely by Kierkegaard's own indications and the intrinsic interest of the subject, but also by the fact that one of the writers stands at the beginning and the other at the end of the romantic movement. In this way, we shall have the advantage of seeing the phenomenon illuminated in two different but complementary historical perspectives.

Although Kierkegaard's quotation is actually drawn from *Atala*, *René* remains Chateaubriand's most vivid portrayal of melancholy, and it is from an examination of this work that the main characteristics of the mood may be most usefully derived. The observation that "les grandes passions sont solitaires" indicates what is to be the outstanding feature of René's situation, for the theme of loneliness—already evident in *Atala*—reappears in the very first paragraph of *René*.[5] His

[4] Obviously we cannot ignore the genetic factor in a phenomenon which is the result of a long process of personal and literary development. Both Chateaubriand and Kierkegaard were inevitably influenced by personal experience and, through the fictional description of melancholy, found an outlet for their own particular feelings. While not falling into the egregious error of treating literary works as mere "projections" of subjective impulses, we cannot ignore the psychological element in writings which are so intimately connected with their authors' inner lives. A second genetic problem is related to the literary influences which have helped to determine the final form of the works. Any particular expression of a well-known theme like melancholy is inseparable from its origins in German, French, and English literature. With personal feelings are mingled reminiscences of Rousseau, Goethe, Ossian, Young, and others. Finally, it will be recalled that both *René* and *Either / Or* were written over a number of years, during the course of which the original literary intention may have been partially modified. This seems particularly true of *René*, which underwent various transformations aimed at giving it a more specifically religious character. Begun as part of *Les Natchez*, it was first intended as a contribution to "une épopée de la nature humaine" as well as a means of alleviating the author's own personal unhappiness. Ultimately it was incorporated into *Le Génie du Christianisme* and so had to be adapted to include a moral and religious viewpoint which served to correct the older affective basis. Since Chateaubriand worked at the narrative in changing circumstances, his account of melancholy may well reflect the influence of his own varying fortunes in France, America, and England. Although the division between the two parts of *Either / Or* corresponds to the original aim of contrasting the "aesthetic" and the "ethical" ways of life and although Kierkegaard also insists (*Point of View*, p. 18) that the book was written "in the space of eleven months," some of the sections dealing with romantic melancholy contain older material and reveal a state of mind less firmly convinced of the superiority of moral principles. (Parts of the "Diapsalmata" probably go back to his student days.) A detailed discussion of these complex questions, however, falls outside the scope of the present article which, having a strictly comparative purpose, concentrates on the finished literary product rather than on its confused and often conflicting origins.

[5] "Un penchant mélancolique l'entraînait au fond des bois; il y passait des journées entières, et semblait sauvage parmi les sauvages." *René*, critical edition by Armand Weil (Geneva, 1947), p. 11. All my own references are to this edition, which will be quoted simply by page numbers. For the question of genesis and sources I refer the reader to M. Weil's very useful introduction, as well as to the observations of M. Gilbert Chinard in his edition, *Atala: René* (Paris, 1930).

melancholy makes it impossible for him to participate in the life of ordinary men. He is "sans parents, sans amis, pour ainsi dire seul sur la terre" (p. 41).[6] Already as a child he found himself separated from others by his melancholy temperament, for he was wont to leave his noisy companions in order to sit and watch the fleeing clouds and listen to the falling rain. He is convinced that this solitude is the apanage of a "great soul" whose inability to follow "common paths" marks him out for a life of unusual suffering. "Une grande âme doit contenir plus de douleurs qu'une petite" (p. 35). He is led to accept this isolation more readily when he thinks that it is his fate to suffer and bring suffering. His birth caused his mother's death and in adult life he was to be tormented by a "terrible secret"—that he had inspired an incestuous passion in his sister Amélie. René, then, is *un homme fatal*; to know him is to experience suffering and perhaps death.

For long periods of his life he has no companion but the sights and sounds of nature. Sometimes he is struck by the contrast between nature's calm and his own inner torment. At other times he takes pleasure in her changing moods; he can watch the withered leaf being driven before the breeze or the oak-tree moss trembling in the breath of the north wind. Such occasions usually stimulate reverie, transporting him in imagination to distant, unknown lands or else leading him to think about the mysterious regions of the next world. In more ecstatic moments he may seek to penetrate the living principle of nature herself. Yet none of these experiences can give him lasting satisfaction, for he is obsessed by the fragility and brevity of human existence and the impossibility of attaining permanent happiness in the face of time's destructive influence.

In spite of his restless activity, René always feels that his life is surrounded by a strange silence. He is constantly sitting or walking "in silence," whether he is lending his ear "au sourd mugissement de l'automne" or listening to "le pieux murmure" of the distant church bell (pp. 17, 19). Even his own story ought to remain buried "in silence." This atmosphere of silence symbolizes the loneliness, emptiness, and mystery surrounding his whole life.

Yet the silence and secrecy of this lonely existence cannot conceal the instability of René's character. He admits that, as a child, he was "impulsive" and "changeable" (p. 16) and that, as a young man, he displays a "natural inconstancy" and is "full of passions" (pp. 24, 32). He realizes too that his enthusiasms are short-lived and likely to give way

A more general discussion of *René* is to be found in A. Le Breton's *Le Roman français au XIX^e siècle avant Balzac* (Paris, 1901), and in A. Monglond's *Le Préromantisme*, 2 vols. (Grenoble, 1930). More detailed references are given in the bibliography appended to the Weil edition.

[6] The phrase "seul sur la terre" recurs on p. 47. It will be recalled that Rousseau often expressed the same idea—and in identical terms.

to apathy and langor. He attributes this mobility to the fact that he cannot express his feelings and that the gap between desire and fulfilment can never be closed. He suffers particularly from his aspiration towards an ideal existence transcending in its infinite beauty and perfection all that can be experienced on this earth. His difficulty does not lie in a lack but in a "superabundance" of emotion. "Il me semblait," he says on one occasion, "que la vie redoublait au fond de mon cœur, que j'aurais la puissance de créer des mondes" (p. 46). His suffering is that of a strongly passionate man who has to live in a world which is as incapable of understanding "cette inquiétude, cette ardeur de désir qui me poursuit partout" (p. 36) as it is of providing an adequate outlet for his intensely idealistic impulses. Whereas his personal existence is full of infinite possibilities, real life is tedious and commonplace and without any object worthy of his desires. Hence he feels incomplete and unfulfilled. "C'est ainsi que toute ma vie j'ai eu devant les yeux une création à la fois immense et imperceptible, et un abîme ouvert à mes côtés" (p. 32). "Mon âme," he says in another place, "qu'aucune passion n'avait encore usée, cherchait un objet qui pût l'attacher; mais je m'aperçus que je donnais plus que je ne recevais" (p. 37). Moreover, he is apt to be tormented by the knowledge that this powerful urge remains mysterious and incomprehensible, even to himself. He speaks of "un bien inconnu" and "un instinct secret." Occasionally he associates it with an ideal woman, one shaped and fashioned in accordance with his own dreams of perfection—"an Eve drawn from himself" (p. 47).[7] At other times he may seek the "imaginary phantom" (p. 42) in wind, sky, and river, but he does so in vain, because nothing in this world can satisfy his eternal longing.

Everything finite being unworthy of him, René refuses to adopt a permanent way of life; he merely plays with the possibilities of existence, making at most a short trial of them and is usually content with an imaginative acceptance of a particular role.[8] Convinced that happiness is not to be found on this earth, he travels in space and time, now visiting historic sites, now looking at the activities of living races, envying the tranquillity of the savage who leads a timeless, static existence as he sits "beneath the oak trees," and knowing, at the same time, that he himself is cut off forever from such a life because he has lost "the sweetness of ignorance" (p. 36). In his own country he is even lonelier than abroad; for, being an exceptional soul, he is unable to bring himself down to "the level of society," which constitutes "un monde qui ne me disait rien et qui ne m'entendait pas" (p. 37). Travel, art, fantasy, nature, and all the rest of life's occupations are unable to draw him from his isolation. His anguish is increased because all this serves to remind

[7] In this respect René recalls Chateaubriand's own dreams of an "ideal woman."
[8] See, for example, his attitude towards the monastic life (pp. 22-23).

him that, though his ideal is infinite and perfect, it cannot escape from the great contradiction of reality—the terrible gap existing between the possible and the actual, between his infinite and unattainable ideal and the tangible, concrete world which, together with the life of man, remains a perpetual prey to time. Eternity exists, but apart from time, and in a way that is incommensurable with it, casting on man's consciousness the faint and brief reflection of a reality that remains forever beyond his grasp.

The awareness that his idealistic aspirations will always be stultified by the constant presence of finite objects, in whose midst he must continue to live, leads René to move away more and more from the objective world and to withdraw into himself, absorbed by the thought that the ultimate meaning of life is to be found only in his terrible sense of personal frustration. This produces his most characteristic mood—a melancholy that is bound up with an overwhelming sense of *ennui*. Its first manifestations are physical. "Une langueur secrète s'emparait de mon corps" (p. 47). There ensues an atrophy of all specific feelings which merge into this single mood of utter monotony and emptiness. "Bientôt mon cœur ne fournit plus d'aliment à ma pensée, et je ne m'aperçus de mon existence que par un profond sentiment d'ennui" (p. 48). This feeling itself seems to be devoid of all definite content and its object cannot be localized; it is "nowhere" and "everywhere." It expresses itself mainly in "disgust at life," and René finds a certain melancholy satisfaction in constantly depreciating all finite things.

Only at one stage of his life does he seem to attain some reflective, though still largely confused, awareness of his real state of mind. This is at the moment of his intended suicide. Continually haunted by the evanescence of temporal experience, René is often given to thinking about death. The sight of tombs, coffins, and historic monuments is always reminding him of life's vanity, until at last he becomes so oppressed by *ennui* that he seeks to escape from it through suicide. Feeling that he can time the act of self-destruction to suit his own mood, he is determined "to relish in long draughts" the last moments of his existence, as he "collects his strength—after the example of an ancient—to feel his life slipping away" (p. 49).[9] He thus looks for a brief ecstasy in this final desperate effort to enjoy the experience of his own life's nothingness.

Yet this strange mood is a momentary temptation, not a permanent possibility of his existence. Further meditation, inspired in the first place by his sister's exhortations, makes him see it as an "aberration" and "insane act"; he recognizes that the suicidal intention was due to

[9] A. Weil (*loc. cit.*) points out that Chateaubriand may have had in mind Montaigne's account of the death of Canus Julius (*Essais*, Book II, Ch. 7), a passage which is itself inspired by Seneca.

the pressure of some irrational impulse that had temporarily alienated him from his normal self. He was inwardly divided, his mind impelling him towards self-destruction, while his heart continued to "love God." For a short time his true character had been paralyzed by this wild urge which took possession of his mind. The point is very important, for it separates René from a later hero like Dostoevsky's Kirillov, who deliberately seeks "total freedom" through suicide.

Chateaubriand has little in common with modern writers like Sartre and Camus who are dominated by the "absurdity" of the objective world. He lies much nearer to Rousseau, for, like him, Chateaubriand may lament his personal misfortune but still continue to see himself as an exception who has no right to repudiate the general beneficence of Providence and the excellence of the universal order. Although he feels that God, for some mysterious purpose of His own, has destined him to be an unhappy exception, he never reaches the stage of rejecting all moral and religious principles. His suffering is personal and particular, not philosophical and universal, in its significance. Thus the deeper implications of René's intended suicide are never properly grasped by him, since he is perplexed by a conflict between explicit intellectual convictions and obscure affective reactions. The positive effect of this experience is not to lead him into a philosophical exploration of the world, but to reinforce his personal awareness of his position as an exceptional idealist whom fate and heredity have thrust into suffering and isolation.

The impulse to suicide gives way to what is perhaps his most typical reaction to life—contemplation. Of all the motifs of *René* contemplation is the most recurrent. René is always seeing himself as a man who remains fixed in a kind of meditative immobility—a silent figure who sits brooding on a deserted landscape, with thoughts as his sole companions. Whether he is preoccupied with a historical past represented by time-worn monuments or a personal past associated with memories of his early life, he always turns aside from action and establishes himself still further in this attitude of silent contemplation.[10]

What is especially significant about this attitude is that it is not free from a certain complacency. "Je luttai quelque temps contre mon mal," he says, speaking of his *ennui*, "mais *avec indifférence at sans avoir la ferme résolution de le vaincre*" (p. 48; my italics). When later on René discovers the secret of his sister's incestuous passion, he admits: "je trouvai une sorte de satisfaction inattendue dans la plénitude de mon chagrin" (p. 68). The sadness of childhood memories he also finds "delectable" (p. 19). When this complacency is set alongside of the earlier reference to his "superabundance" of emotion, his melancholy cannot be accepted simply as a state that he passively experiences in his

[10] For typically contemplative attitudes see pp. 81, 83, 84, 85, 86, 98, 99, 100, 102.

role of *l'homme fatal*, for it is a psychic condition which fulfils a definite function and purpose within the personality. Although it may and probably does have some constitutional basis, it is not merely a malady imposed upon him by "God and his mother" but a dynamic psychological response—a kind of despair resulting from the thwarting of powerful drives within the personality. Far from being a merely static feeling, this type of melancholy conceals a whole pattern of responses which seek to relieve the inner conflict created by the frustration of René's idealistic aspirations. No doubt a critical observer could say with some truth that René's melancholy enables him to keep intact the idea of his superiority without his ever being called upon to prove it in action. More fundamentally, however, this attitude of melancholy contemplation enables him to stand, in some way, outside himself and to look at his own image. This image does not necessarily correspond to his complete being, for it represents a partial, idealized self in which, precisely because it is ideal, René wishes to see his true personality; but it brings satisfaction inasmuch as it enables him to achieve a certain stability and equilibrium. Fictionally through the narration of his story to the two old men, actually through the presentation of his portrait to a reading public, René-Chateaubriand is able to create an externalized and objectified portrait of himself. That this self is not described through the detailed events of Chateaubriand's own life is unimportant, since his main concern is not with real happenings but with "les sentiments secrets de son âme" (p. 13).[11] The essential personality is identified with an ideal self that finds expression in a fundamental mood rather than particular actions. In this way the defeats and frustrations of everyday life can be interpreted as signs of personal superiority. In short, through this self-portrait, René can find—in spite of his unhappiness—a full justification of his existence.

It will be convenient to defer a consideration of Chateaubriand's own criticisms of René's attitude until we have examined Kierkegaard's account of romantic melancholy; for we shall then be able to see the whole phenomenon against the background of Kierkegaard's extended discussion of the "ethical" life and Chateaubriand's briefer treatment of

[11] Autobiographical details do, of course, abound in *René*, as all commentators insist. Their main interest, however, lies, in my opinion, not so much in the biographical information they provide as in the light they throw upon the subtle emotional identification of Chateaubriand with one aspect of his hero's character. The relation between the real Chateaubriand and the fictional René is very complex and can certainly not be understood in terms of a simple correlation of the two personalities. An examination of this fascinating question unfortunately lies outside the scope of the present study. For Chateaubriand's biography see A. Maurois, *Chateaubriand* (Paris, 1938); M. Levaillant, *Splendeurs, chimères et misères de M. de Chateaubriand* (Paris, 1948); L. Martin-Chauffier, *Chateaubriand ou l'obsession de la pureté* (Paris, 1943). For the difficult problem of Chateaubriand's psychology, one of the most useful discussions still remains that of H. Le Savoureux, *Chateaubriand* (Paris, 1930).

the same subject. Although melancholy is the "essential character" of the first part of *Either / Or*, its expression is much more varied than in *René*, for it assumes direct and indirect forms. As a part of the "aesthetic" stage of existence, which deliberately limits itself to the experience of natural emotions, preferring a selfish preoccupation with "pleasure" and "enjoyment" to the sterner discipline of a life based on the principle of duty and moral obligation, melancholy may frequently take on the mask of its opposite and conceal itself "under the cloak of pleasure, rationality, demoralisation."[12] It may also be of the "egoistic" or "sympathetic" type; instead of remaining preoccupied with his own unhappiness, the melancholy subject may "deceptively" concern himself with the sufferings of others.[13] Again, melancholy may appear as despair ("in the reason, and passion"), giving vent to the vehement protests of the "Diapsalmata," the intellectual analyses of "The Rotation of Crops" and "The Unhappiest Man," or the ironically reflective mood of a Johannes the Seducer.[14] Yet, in spite of its more complex expression, Kierkegaard's melancholy is, like Chateaubriand's, not merely a literary theme but a personal problem. As a child he was—like René—"under the sway of a prodigious melancholy" which it was impossible for him to throw off.[15] Like René also he sees in this melancholy an indication of his own "fate," an ineradicable tare whose presence will always remind him that he must suffer "the pain of not being like the others" and be "absolutely alone with his pain."[16] For Kierkegaard, as for his predecessor, melancholy is the mark of an exceptional man who must remain alone and misunderstood.

In spite of this general similarity, each author is obviously influenced by important differences of personality and historical situation. For all his indebtedness to predecessors like Goethe, Ossian, Rousseau, and Young, Chateaubriand was a precursor who gave a poetic description of the *mal du siècle* rather than an intellectual analysis of its precise significance. René has a youthful, almost virginal, idealism which is the particular quality of the man who has not really experienced life. His torment comes from frustration rather than disillusionment. "*N'ayant pas encore aimé*, j'étais accablé d'une surabondance de vie" (p. 42; my italics). He speaks also of "mon âme qu'aucune passion n'avait

[12] See *Concluding Unscientific Postscript*, trans. D. F. Swenson and W. Lowrie (Princeton, 1941), especially pp. 226-229, for Kierkegaard's commentary on his work, as well as *The Journals* (ed. A. Dru), entries 467-473 (1843). This more indirect form of melancholy is not, of course, absent from later French romanticism, as a play like *Lorenzaccio* well shows.

[13] This occurs in the section called "Shadowgraphs," *Either / Or*, I, 136-176, where we have the portraits of three unhappy women betrayed by faithless lover or husband.

[14] I have already analyzed the mood of this character in my earlier article. See note 3 above.

[15] *The Point of View*, trans. W. Lowrie (1939), pp. 76 ff.

[16] *Op. cit.*, p. 81.

encore usée" (p. 37). Chateaubriand later puts this very well when he says: "On habite, avec un cœur plein, un monde vide; et sans avoir usé de rien, on est désabusé de tout."[17] There is an element of spontaneity and freshness, even in this mood of *ennui* and suffering, for it comes from inexperience. In spite of his many travels, René admits that his unhappiness is largely the creation of his own mind, which is filled with feelings that have no object. He is a young man "sans force et sans vertu, qui trouve en lui-même son tourment, et ne peut guère se plaindre que des maux qu'il se fait à lui-même" (pp. 15-16). Chateaubriand emphasizes the same point in *Le Génie*: "Elle [la mélancolie] s'engendre au milieu des passions, lorque ces passions, sans objet, se consument d'elles-mêmes dans un cœur solitaire" (p. 119). Hence the mood always remains, as we have seen, somewhat enigmatic, even to its possessor.

Since *Either / Or* did not appear until 1843, more than forty years after the first published version of *René* (1802), Kierkegaard belonged to an age which had lived through and had already begun to tire of romanticism, and, from the very first, he was in a better position than Chateaubriand to understand the deeper implications of the movement. Even when he is painting the various portraits of melancholy individuals, he is already standing back from them and subjecting them to a critical scrutiny. *Either / Or* contains a description of romantic melancholy, but also a diagnosis and a cure. Chateaubriand certainly criticizes his own portrait but in a much more perfunctory and conventional way; his main interest clearly lies in the artistry rather than the philosophical content of his narrative.[18]

Certain parts of *Either / Or* readily invite comparison with *René*. This is especially true of the "Diapsalmata," a long series of observations and aphorisms which indicate in a summary and fragmentary way all the themes that are later developed and orchestrated in a more colorful and systematic way. It is certainly the most spontaneous and lyrical part of the whole work and probably forms the oldest section.[19] "A" (the supposed author of these fragments) often reminds us of René, although his tone is more bitter and astringent. He stresses throughout that he is absolutely alone and that he has "one intimate confidant," his melancholy—"the most faithful mistress I have known."[20] "I have

[17] *Le Génie du Christianisme*, Part II, Book III, Chap. IX, entitled "Du Vague des Passions." The chapter is reproduced as an appendix to the Weil edition, pp. 117-121. It is also given in Chinard's edition, pp. 25-28.

[18] See T. C. Walker, *Chateaubriand's Natural Scenery: A Study of His Descriptive Art* (Baltimore, 1946).

[19] Kierkegaard himself says (*Postscript*, p. 226) that "only the Diapsalmata are pure lyrical effusions." In *The Point of View* (p. 18) he says that "a few Diapsalmata" existed before he began to write the main work.

[20] *Either / Or* (Vol. I trans. by D. F. and L. M. Swenson, Vol. II by W. Lowrie, Princeton, 1944), I, 16. Certain elements in "A"s mood also recall the tone of Sénancour's *Obermann*.

but one friend, Echo" (I, 27). Filled with despair at the emptiness of existence, he is, like René, unable to adopt any permanent way of life, because all existence is, in the last resort, meaningless (I, 18). A kind of pall spreads over life, dimming the bright colors of childhood and cruelly reminding the adult of their unreality by showing how the most brilliant aspirations must ultimately be reduced to the same drab tonality. "A" is oppressed by a profound tedium, an *ennui* which detaches him from everyday interests and yet prevents him from finding meaning elsewhere. "I do not care for anything." "I do not care at all" (I, 15). It is especially the problem of time that seems to be quite insoluble. "Time stands still and I with it." He can experience the reality of the moment, but no more. Yet one moment is like any other, because all are but discrete fragments of a single finite world. For "A," as for René, happiness is impossible, since pleasures, like certain insects, die "in the moment of fecundation." In the melancholy man's eyes life can have no progression, no developing continuity, no history. He feels that he is "good for nothing," for "everything is nothing." The choices he makes are unimportant, since in the long run everything is the same. "Whether you marry or do not marry, you will regret both" (I, 30). There can be no qualitative distinction between one course of action and another, because everything is finite. He can occasionally find relief in music, especially in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (I, 33); but, for the most part, he remains sunk in a terrible apathy, his mood a sense of utter emptiness. "Even pain has lost its refreshment for me" (I, 29). If this boredom is sometimes broken, it is only by attacks of anxiety and despair.

Yet "A"-Kierkegaard differs from René-Chateaubriand not only in the greater bitterness and cynicism of his tone but in another fundamental respect—he is a man with a predominantly reflective temperament and a keen analytical mind that takes pleasure in probing and dissecting all the elements of his unhappy mood. Perhaps, as one critic observes,[21] Chateaubriand's intelligence has been underrated; but there is little doubt that in him emotion usually takes precedence over intellect, and a work like *René* reveals the affective, passionate basis of his personality. Kierkegaard, on the other hand, as well as being "a poet," had a supremely "dialectical," even ironical, cast of mind which made him sensitive to the incongruities and contradictions of a situation or argument. This difference is very apparent in the two works we are considering. While René never loses a certain naive astonishment at his own singular position and remarkable destiny, "A" is more acutely aware of his disillusionment. René is, as we have seen, a disappointed idealist who, had he not been the victim of "fate," would have remained a potential optimist in spite of his misery. Moreover, his awareness of

[21] H. Le Savoureux, *op. cit.*, p. 70.

the contradiction between reality and his ideals tends to become a vague feeling of malaise and only rarely (for example, when he contemplates suicide) assumes a genuinely reflective character.[22] For the most part he is content with an emotional response to his mood. From the outset "A" "posits a rift in existence" (*Postscript*, p. 226), for in the very first Diapsalm he deals with the conflict in the poet's life—the dissonance between his personal unhappiness and the beauty of his work, between "the suffering in his heart" and "the music on his lips."

The result of this is that he remains alone and misunderstood. No doubt by 1843 this idea was a romantic commonplace that had been frequently exploited by Musset and others, but for "A" the meaning of the "rift" is not limited to this fairly simple antithesis. He feels that the split between ideals and reality is inseparable from the thought that the former, as objects of personal aspiration, are quite illusory. For all its vagueness René's yearning remained the most potent factor in his life and he never abandoned his idealism. The Diapsalmatist takes a much more cynical view; for him ultimate reality is not to be found in the realm of idealistic desire, but in the experience of a meaningless, because inevitably relative and finite, existence. "A" is clearly more of a philosopher than René, for he often ponders the momentous fact that there is no adequate correlation between cause and effect. Life is absurd because great causes may produce insignificant effects, while "it happens that a brisk little cause produces a colossal effect" (I, 20). Life is dominated by the accidental, which shows that there is nothing absolute save the ultimate finitude of existence. The man who has grasped this truth will take a sombre pleasure in accentuating the contradictions within his own life, especially the one existing between his inner feeling and its outward expression. Pain and suffering will be masked by irony and laughter, joy and despair. "What if everything in the world were a misunderstanding, what if laughter were really tears?" (p. 16). The last of the Diapsalmata describes how the gods grant the writer's single desire—that "he may always have the laugh on his side" (I, 34).

This difference in emphasis between René and "A" is also very clearly revealed by two essays in *Either / Or*. The first is "The Unhappiest Man," which begins with a reference—apparently drawn from Chateaubriand[23]—to the tomb of the unhappiest man which is to be found "somewhere in England." "The unhappy person is one who has his ideal, the content of his life, the fullness of his consciousness, the essence of his being, in some manner outside himself" (I, 181). "He is always absent, never present to himself" (*ibid.*). This may occur in two ways: there is the forward-looking unhappiness which comes from bas-

[22] Curiously enough, René's attitude towards suicide bears a certain similarity to that of Johannes towards seduction, for the latter also speaks of "savouring" his experience "in slow draughts." Cf. my earlier article, p. 332.

[23] *Søren Kierkegaard's Papirer*, 11 vols. (Copenhagen, 1909-48), III, 21.

ing life on some future hope that will never be realized; and there is the backward-looking unhappiness which is characteristic of the man who lives on memory. The "ambassador of the kingdom of sighs" must be he who joins the unhappiness of hope to that of memory, "and this happens when it is memory which prevents the unhappy individual from finding himself in his hope, and hope which prevents him from finding himself in his memory." Like all melancholy people, such a man will be alone, but in a loneliness that is absolute and unrelieved. It is worth remarking that the style of this essay—unlike its subject matter—is remarkable for its pungency, wit, and lightness of touch.

The second essay, "The Rotation of Crops," underlines still more clearly the difference in mood between *René* and *Either / Or*. Whereas René and the Diapsalmatist treat *ennui* as the tragic but inescapable misfortune of the exceptional man, the author of this disquisition abandons passion and melancholy for a more analytical approach, which frankly accepts the threat of boredom as a radical challenge to human existence. What René thinks is a burden to be borne our essayist treats as a problem to be solved by nimbleness of mind and resilience of personal response. Accept, he says in effect, the limitations of existence but in such a way as to profit by them. Acknowledge the inevitable absurdity of all idealism and admit that the sole reality is the finite world; empty desire of its intensity and control all your feelings; if unhappiness lies in memory, then learn to forget; if hope makes you miserable, then live without hope. While René and the Diapsalmatist consider the lack of friends to be a great misfortune, the essayist treats friendship as an actual snare; we must avoid serious social contacts and membership of groups, eschew marriage and shun work or business. The great secret is to reject those forms of behavior which keep us permanently tied to a particular mode of life. This does not mean the abandonment of all activity, but the organizing of one's actions on the assumption that life consists of playing an infinite number of variations on a single theme: "Enjoy yourself." By mastering our moods and keeping ourselves free from tiresome obligations, we shall be able to extract the maximum amount of pleasure from each passing experience; for we shall be wise enough to know that boredom can be countered only by an attitude which erects the accidental and the momentary into the supreme principle of existence.

Although the tone of this essay, as well as the still more reflective despair of a Johannes the Seducer, sharply distinguishes "A" from René, who is quite incapable of treating his unhappiness with such detachment, the ultimate source of his melancholy is the same as that of his predecessor; it too is the result of a frustrated idealism, but of an idealism that is more carefully concealed, as though the subject himself were fearful of acknowledging its presence. But of its existence there

can be no doubt. "My eyes are sated and weary of everything, and yet I hunger" (I, 20). In the *Journals* Kierkegaard makes the idea still more explicit; for in a comment on the last Diapsalm he says of "A": "His enthusiasm is too vital, his sympathy too deep, his love too burning, his heart too warm, to be able to express itself otherwise than in the contrary."[24] In each case idealism has the same origin—the activity of an imagination which is always seeking to escape the limitations of everyday life. Unhappiness comes from this imagination which makes a man aware of the unrealized and perhaps unrealizable possibilities of his existence and so leads him to break irrevocably with reality. That is why "imagination as such always makes melancholy" (*Journals,* entry 467). Already Chateaubriand had said in *Le Génie*: "L'imagination est riche, abondante et merveilleuse, l'existence pauvre, sèche et désenchantée" (p. 117). The imagination of both writers is also similar in that it has an essentially affective basis; it does not—like the inventive imagination of a Balzac, a Dickens, or a Tolstoy—seek to create a living world that seems to exist apart from the mind of its creator, but works upon complex personal emotions whose influence remains very discernible in their fictional characters. In both cases there is an indissoluble, if often indirect, link between the outlook of their main characters and the intimate psychic life of the authors themselves.

Kierkegaard insists that it is the poetic temperament which is particularly susceptible to a permanent discordance between desire and reality. The poet may accept the ultimate finitude of existence and yet seek to console himself with an ideal drawn from his own imagination. His subsequent attitude will thus be ambivalent because he will be simultaneously happy and unhappy. He "rejoices at the pictures reflected in the clouds and weeps that they are so transitory." "The poet sees the ideals, but he must flee away from the world in order to rejoice in them, he cannot bear about in the midst of life's confusion these divine images within him, cannot tranquilly pursue his course unaffected by the caricatures of these ideals which appear on all sides, not to speak of having strength to clothe himself in them" (*Either / Or,* II, 177)

"A" thus separates more rigidly than René the spheres of idealism and reality. He is far less liable to allow his idealistic feelings to color his reactions to the external world. René, for example, sometimes allows his feeling for nature to become imbued with a vague religiosity and even sentimentality which are quite absent from Kierkegaard. Kierkegaard is certainly not without a feeling for nature, for his aesthetic works abound in poetic descriptions, but he refuses to make nature the basis of a religious meditation or even ground for belief in God.[25] But,

[24] *Journals,* entry 468 (1843).

[25] See W. Lowrie, *Kierkegaard,* pp. 100-110, and J. Hohlenberg, *Sören Kierkegaard,* trans. T. H. Croxall (London, 1954), pp. 148-149. See also an interesting passage in the *Journals,* entry 4 (1834).

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notwithstanding this difference of outlook, the fundamental cause of unhappiness is the same—a melancholy which comes from the preponderance of imaginative activity over actual experience. Although René's evaluation of his ideals is vaguer than "A"s, his final reaction is not different, since he never goes beyond a purely imaginative response to life. Both turn aside from objective reality to the world of individual feeling.

Personally involved with their own descriptions of romantic melancholy, both Chateaubriand and Kierkegaard nonetheless emerge as severe critics of the mood. Chateaubriand can look retrospectively at this "state of soul" which was common to his age but which he personally (he thinks) has now left well behind him. His judgment on melancholy in *Le Génie* thus stands in more or less the same relation to *René* as does the second part of *Either / Or* to the "aesthetic" section. Already, in *Atala,* the old Indian Chactas had stressed the dangers of solitary passion. A further attempt is made to reinforce the moral lesson through the introduction of other characters who comment upon and criticize the hero's mood. In *Atala* the hermit-priest Father Aubry preaches the necessity of disciplining the passions and immolating them to God; it is precisely the fragile and ephemeral nature of all human feelings which should prevent a man from falling into despair at the destruction of earthly love. When they are set against the eternal verities of God's revelation through Christ, personal hopes and sufferings must be accounted as nothing. In *René* the criticism is still more severe. Father Souël, a stern, unsmiling figure, has little sympathy for René's attitude. "Je vois un jeune homme entêté de chimères, à qui tout déplaît, et qui s'est soustrait aux charges de la société pour se livrer à d'inutiles rêveries. On n'est point, Monsieur, un homme supérieur parce qu'on voit le monde sous un jour odieux" (p. 77). Compared with the real suffering of the saints René's is quite trivial. His error consists in fostering his passions instead of quenching them, in cultivating solitude instead of serving his fellow men. "La solitude est mauvaise à celui qui n'y vit pas avec Dieu; elle redouble les puissances de l'âme, en même temps qu'elle leur ôte tout sujet pour s'exercer" (p. 78). Although he is more indulgent towards his young friend, old Chactas also insists that René's "extraordinary life" is an error and that "il n'y a de bonheur que dans les voies communes" (p. 78). Even René's sister had emphasized the same idea. "Il vaut mieux, mon cher René, ressembler un peu plus au commun des hommes, et avoir un peu moins de malheur" (p. 55). He should overcome his unhappiness by taking a wife and a position, by associating himself with the life of ordinary men.

That Kierkegaard agrees with these criticisms of melancholy is clearly indicated by the epigraph to the second part of *Either / Or.* He also repeats in various ways almost all the moral principles advocated

by Chateaubriand. But, since his discussion of the ethical stage of existence occupies the whole of the second part of *Either / Or*, his examination of the "aesthetic" life is more detailed and searching than the rather summary observations of his predecessor. It is also evident that the long letters on marriage and the ethical life are not intended solely as a riposte to his own descriptions of romantic melancholy but have in view the wider cultural phenomenon; he refers explicitly (II, 160) to "this sickness, or rather this sin" which is "common to our age" and under which "all young Germany and France now sighs." "In our times," he says, "to be melancholy is the dignity to which everybody aspires."[26] Considering his familiarity with Chateaubriand's work, it is quite reasonable to suppose that René was one of the "cases" he had in mind. It will, therefore, be very instructive to see how his observations apply to this particularly famous example of romantic melancholy.

For Kierkegaard the principal error of the aesthetic life is that it refuses to be revealed. "I say that it is every man's duty to be revealed" (II, 269). The melancholy man leads an isolated mode of existence which cuts him from the universal human, because, "however frequently and however much he gives himself up to the world, he never does it totally, there always remains something that he keeps back" (*ibid.*). Duty is neglected for a morbid preoccupation with personal feelings, so that in the end such a man becomes "enigmatical to himself." (We have seen that René is precisely in this position.) The principle of this way of life is rightly called "enjoyment," even when the ostensible condition is one of suffering, for the self clings to its mood with a tenacity which suggests a secret complicity with its own unhappiness. "To be the unhappiest man is to be the happiest" (I, 195). Hence Kierkegaard sees very clearly that, though melancholy may be rooted in some hereditary tare, it is not a simple feeling which "fate" imposes on a man but—in part at least—an acquired response which enables the individual to escape the disquiet he would experience were he to follow more moral paths. In a word, melancholy is a means whereby a man protects himself against the necessity of admitting the requirements of his moral nature; or, if he does admit them, he makes his melancholy an excuse for not transforming his life accordingly. He who recognizes the inadequacy of his response to life is called upon to *choose* another mode of existence. This is precisely what the melancholy man refuses to do; he laments his "fate," but makes this lament a pretext for continued absorption in his subjective mood. The ethical individual, on the other hand, is the one who *chooses himself* in accordance with a universally valid principle. He humbles himself by showing that, after all, his moral nature is not essentially different from that of other men.

[26] See also II, 156: "In our age it has become something great to be melancholy."

But this is just what René is unable to admit. He has built up a certain image of himself, an ideal ego, which makes him an exceptional and unique personality whose lot is to be unlike others. To destroy this ideal self would be to undermine his whole existence and reduce him to complete despair. Yet it is through this despair, insists Kierkegaard, that every melancholy man must pass if he is to attain moral salvation.

Kierkegaard recognizes that, whereas the melancholy person's egotism is quite blameworthy, melancholy in itself is an illness which afflicts "only the most gifted natures," and in this he is in accord with Chateaubriand, who sees in melancholy the distinctive mark of the "great soul." It is an indication that a man can no longer be satisfied with the effete mediocrity of an age which has lost all its emotional vitality.[27] Like Chateaubriand also he thinks that melancholy characterizes passionate natures, not those which lack feeling. It shows that a man has some higher need which is as yet unsatisfied. Melancholy is thus a sickness, but a sickness of a special kind. In Kierkegaard's noteworthy phrase, it is "hysteria of the spirit" (II, 159).[28] René's infinite yearning is in itself quite laudable, for it indicates a spiritual awakening. His great error is to fail to make this insight an occasion for personal decision or else to respond to it in a purely imaginative way. Eternity remains the symbol of an aspiration rather than a spur to action; it has no effect on René's life except to plunge him into melancholy pride. He should have seen that the task of the exceptional person is the same as that of lesser men—to find himself "in his eternal validity." To achieve this he must experience guilt and repentance, but this is, of course, his difficulty; because he is so exceptional, René cannot see that he has any need of these sobering experiences. Instead of repenting he clings to his melancholy. No doubt he may assiduously cultivate talent, refine upon basic emotions, and introduce all kinds of variations within the limits of his own mood, but he remains bound to a single stage of existence. He undergoes inner conflict, but one which has no genuinely spiritual content. His life remains "undialectical" or else "it has its dialectic outside itself."[29] The need for passing from one stage of existence to another—from the "aesthetic" to the "ethical" and from the

[27] For Kierkegaard the weakness of his age was its lack of "passion." See *The Present Age*, trans. A. Dru and W. Lowrie (Oxford, 1940).

[28] The whole of this section (II, 155-160) constitutes, in my opinion, a remarkably acute analysis of romantic melancholy. The stress laid upon its "functional" significance serves to remind us that melancholy is not a simply psychological phenomenon but a mood that may be due to a number of different causes. In this respect, Kierkegaard's conclusion accords with the findings of modern psychiatry, which carefully distinguishes pathological melancholia from various forms of depression originating in other kinds of psychic conflict. Kierkegaard, however, insists also upon the need to separate all forms of psychologically conditioned melancholy from the melancholy of the "spirit."

[29] *Postscript*, p. 507.

"ethical" to the "religious"—is not acknowledged. The melancholy man is imprisoned in his mood, leading a static and contemplative life that shows no moral or spiritual progress. We may therefore conclude that "in mood the personality is present but only dimly present" (II, 193).

By artificially separating ideals and reality, René and "A" think that the perfect form of existence for which they yearn is irreconcilable with the idea of time. "Time, the temporal is their ruin" (II, 194). Because the ideal can never be made concrete, they fall into apathy and despair and may even contemplate suicide.[30] Yet they do not thereby escape from their difficulty. Unable to find personal continuity, they are condemned to live in the moment; their life is fragmented and dispersed into a multiplicity of short-lived activities and feelings. René experiences no true history; he plays with possibilities, experiments with various attitudes, but remains completely identified with none of them, the only permanent substratum of his existence being this contemplative melancholy which isolates him from his spiritual self and other men. The advantage of the ethical outlook is that it refuses to make this artificial separation between the finite and the eternal, for it seeks to express its ideals through the concrete circumstances of ordinary life. Its great merit is that it enables a man to combine the particular and the universal, the accidental and the essential. In this way human existence becomes genuinely historical. Because he limits himself to a single dimension of experience, the melancholy man never goes beyond his "natural" self; he remains "immediately what he *is*" and never *becomes* a genuinely moral being.

In spite of their severe criticisms, both writers are at one in rejecting the idea of bourgeois contentment with the trivial and the commonplace. No doubt melancholy is blameworthy, inasmuch as it inhibits choice and personal development and isolates man in a mood; but it does remain the mark of "gifted natures" who, refusing to remain satisfied with the contemporary materialistic outlook, experience a genuine need for the infinite. The responsibility for melancholy rests partly upon a society that does not allow adequate provision for man's spiritual needs. If the exceptional man suffers from a form of false pride, the ordinary citizen may be spiritually dead and live in mechanical obedience to the false values of his age. For all their insistence on the universal and the ethical, Chateaubriand and Kierkegaard remain—in this matter at least—in opposition to their time.

There is a final, if somewhat unexpected, point of comparison between them. It is an interesting fact that, in spite of their severe strictures upon romantic melancholy, neither remained satisfied with the

[30] It will be recalled that at one period of their lives both Chateaubriand and Kierkegaard had thought of taking this step. .

"moral" outlook of which they were such apparently determined protagonists.

Chateaubriand made no earnest effort to live out his role of religious apologist, and most of his biographers are agreed that his adherence to Christianity was aesthetic and intellectual rather than inwardly spiritual. His subsequent activities were those of historian, diplomat, politician, and lover, all of which were permeated by the same unstable idealism that had affected René in a different way, producing in Chateaubriand's case a curious combination of pragmatic and visionary viewpoints; through restless and varied practical activities he seemed to be seeking an absolute happiness which always eluded him.[31] As for Kierkegaard he soon realized that, though Judge William's principles might be an adequate answer to the errors of the aesthetic life, they could not resolve difficulties of a different and higher form of existence—that of the religious exception.[32] He came to see more and more that it was not only ethics but the Christian religion itself which might constitute a serious challenge to the universal claims of morality.

Thus we are led to conclude that, although we can certainly establish no simple correlation between René and Chateaubriand and "A" and Kierkegaard—for in the strictest sense neither René nor "A" corresponds to the real personalities of their authors—both writers have incorporated into their creations some part of their inner selves, transmuted no doubt in accordance with the requirements of art but still expressive of their most intimate aspirations. It is this loyalty to their secret selves which makes their subsequent lives seem to contradict the very principles of which—at one stage of their existence—they were the sincere and even fervent advocates.

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[31] H. Le Savoureux, *op. cit.*, p. 77.

[32] The problem is already adumbrated at the end of *Either / Or*, II, 274 ff.

BOOK REVIEWS

UN COSMOPOLITE SUISSE: JACQUES-HENRI MEISTER (1744-1826). By Yvonne de Athayde Grubenmann. Geneva: Librarie E. Droz, 1954. 179 p.

Although the name of Jacques-Henri Meister appears rather prominently on the title page of the *Correspondance littéraire* (éd. Tourneux, Paris, 1877-82), following such luminaries as Grimm and Diderot and the lesser light of the abbé Raynal, literary historians have been loath to grant him his due as anything more than the biographer of Melchior Grimm. Little if any importance is attached to his long editorship of the *Correspondance littéraire* from 1773 to 1813.

Part of this neglect is the fault of Meister himself, for during those years he insisted upon keeping secret his epistolary relations with foreign powers. Indeed, as late as 1812, when the first edition of the *Correspondance* appeared, he had no wish to have his name linked with a work which the imperial censor eyed with disfavor or to have Napoleon learn about his connections with the princes then allied against France. His part in the dissemination of news from France was further thrust into oblivion when Sainte-Beuve, trying to establish Grimm as one of the great critics of the eighteenth century, attributed to Grimm instead of to their true author certain key articles (notably Meister's appreciation of Montaigne). Thus, thanks to Meister's own avoidance of the limelight and despite later acknowledgement of his true role by scholars like Tourneux, Schérer, and Bessire, the Swiss critic is today largely ignored and his name all but forgotten.

In the present work Mme Grubenmann has set out to redress the balance, to re-examine Meister's life and works in an attempt to show that his contributions entitle him to consideration among eighteenth-century men of letters as a critic, as a sympathetic propagandist for France and Switzerland, and at the same time as a cosmopolite desirous of breaking down national barriers in literature and in the arts. By concentrating upon Meister's role as editor of the *Correspondance littéraire*, she has also tried to arouse greater interest in that mine of information concerning Parisian life during the second half of the eighteenth century. These aims she has achieved with varying degrees of success.

The principal defect of her study is its brevity; the limits of a monograph do not permit the author to set forth the detailed information necessary for a complete picture of a man whose career was so long and so varied. Only fifteen pages are devoted to Meister's life; his relationship with Rousseau and his critical evaluation of the latter's works are summed up in five pages, while Meister as a follower of Voltaire is dismissed in four, in spite of the fact that the Swiss was "un disciple zélé, voire passionné de ces deux génies" (p. 45). Eight pages are given over to Mme de Staël and the Necker family, but there is practically nothing said about Diderot, "qui fut son meilleur ami" (p. 131). Even those subjects she does discuss are often summarily treated or narrowly limited in scope. As a result, one cannot help feeling that too much attention has been paid to many minor details which a more complete study would have reduced to their proper perspective.

The extremely short biographical sketch presents little that has not already been set forth in P.-O. Bessire's dissertation, *Jacob-Henri Meister (1744-1826): Sa vie et ses œuvres* (Bern, 1912), and in Usteri and Ritter's *Lettres inédites de Mme de Staël à Henri Meister* (Paris, 1903). We are told about Meister's Swiss Protestant father and Huguenot émigrée mother, the young man's theological studies in Zurich, his ordination at the age of nineteen, his visit to Geneva with

pilgrimages to Môtiers and Ferney to meet Rousseau and Voltaire arranged by his close friend Paul Moultou. Moultou also introduced Meister to the Necker family, through whom he obtained the post of tutor to the son of Germaine de Vermenoux. Moving to Paris with his employer in 1766, he had his religious convictions completely undermined in the philosophic atmosphere of Mme Necker's salon. Upon his return to Zurich two years later, the clandestine publication of his essay on *L'Origine des principes religieux* created a scandal. For having dared to claim that all religions are of purely human origin and that all dogmas are based solely on superstition, Meister was stripped of his functions as a pastor and was forced to flee the city to avoid arrest. Back he went to Paris where, thanks to the influence of Mme de Vermenoux and of Mme Necker, he became Grimm's collaborator on the *Correspondance littéraire*, then editor in his own right. It is unfortunate that Mme Grubenmann ignores Meister's life in Paris from 1772 to 1791 on the grounds that it has already been described, "d'une manière trop brève, il est vrai," in *Le Salon de Mme Necker* by the Comte d'Haussonville. Since this is the one period of Meister's career that is of the utmost importance in any consideration of his work on the *Correspondance*, it would have been well to afford it detailed treatment. The remaining portion of the chapter skims lightly over his two trips to England during the Revolution and his return to Zurich in 1794, where he carried on his editorship as best he could. During the last thirty years of his life he wrote a novel, some memoirs of his travels, plus several works on moral and religious subjects which signal a return to his earlier faith. "Cette conversion," we are told, "ne l'empêcha pas de mourir bien prosaïquement d'un coup d'apoplexie à la fin d'un bon repas."

With this sketchy enumeration of the events marking Meister's career the author has intermingled an equally brief treatment of the women involved in his life: Germaine de Vermenoux, Charlotte Haller, Ursule Bürkli-Schulthess (whom he married in 1806), and Mme de Vandeul. In Chapter III, however, his friendship with Mme de Staël receives quite a lengthy discussion. Since Meister's letters to her are apparently lost, the author draws most of her information concerning their relationship from Mme de Staël's forty-four letters to her compatriot published by Usteri and Ritter. It is somewhat hard to understand how the author can justify the inclusion of much of the material here presented, especially if "ce que le présent travail veut mettre en relief, c'est sa carrière littéraire et, plus précisément sa carrière de rédacteur de la *Correspondance littéraire*" (p. 39). Under the circumstances it seems out of place to devote two pages to Mme de Staël's reasons for not settling in Zurich in 1799 and to Meister's arguments for not wishing to "planter sa tente au bord du Léman" in 1794-95 (pp. 62-63). True, another passage mentions Meister's articles about the Neckers, father and daughter, but all his remarks about the latter deal with that early period when she was writing such happily forgotten works as the tragedy *Jeanne Grey* (1787), the *Eloge du comte de Guibert* (1790), and articles for Meister's gazette on the differences in meaning between *véracité* and *franchise, trait* and *saillie* (1786).

For twenty-five years the devoted friend and discreet confidant of Mme de Staël, Meister lost no opportunity to keep her name before the public. It is probably no exaggeration to attribute at least some of her success in Germany to the early publicity she received in the *Correspondance*. Yet Mme Grubenmann goes too far when, on the basis of "affinités spirituelles" and resemblances in philosophy and literary theory, she claims that "ils ont l'un et l'autre poussé la littérature dans le même sens; ils ont préparé la voie à la génération des romantiques" (p. 66). This is to grant Meister more direct influence upon the future of French letters than he actually enjoyed.

The author's treatment of Meister as a disciple of Rousseau and Voltaire suffers from the overcompression found throughout the entire work. Except for a later mention of Meister's reaction to Voltaire's *Lettre à l'Académie* of 1776, she devotes to the patriarch of Ferney only three and a half pages, one of which tells why she must limit her study to what she calls the "principales revendications de l'illustre philosophe," namely, the abolition of intolerance and the war waged on religious superstition. One might wish that the author had seen fit to broaden the scope of her remarks, even at the risk of lengthening and complicating her discussion. As it is, Mme Grubenmann merely points out that Meister, already converted to Voltairianism by Moultou, felt especially close to Voltaire at the time of his persecution by the Zurich authorities in 1768. As editor of the *Correspondance*, he was unstinting in his admiration for Voltairian philosophy; it was not until his later years, upon his return to Zurich and to Christianity, that he publicly recognized the "errors" contained in the ideas he had so enthusiastically espoused. What criticism Meister did direct at Voltaire while still in Paris was aimed chiefly at the dramatist and the drama critic: too great a neglect of antiquity, too much inspiration drawn from England, and (a cardinal sin) too many harsh words about French classical writers, especially Corneille.

Meister's personal relationship with Rousseau, extremely cordial at their first meeting in May 1764, rapidly deteriorated as Rousseau's friendship with Moultou cooled; by autumn Meister was completely disillusioned about his former idol. It was not until Moultou and Rousseau became reconciled a few months before the latter's death that Meister in turn renewed his acquaintance with the citizen of Geneva. Yet, despite his dislike of the man, he was strongly attracted to certain of Rousseau's works in which he discerned ideas and feelings corresponding quite closely to his own. According to Mme Grubenmann, it is the typically Swiss traits in Rousseau's thought that most strongly appealed to Meister; he liked not only the simplicity and the *naturel* of Jean-Jacques' style, but praised him for having "brisé une lance en faveur de l'éducation, de la pureté des mœurs, de l'amour de la campagne ... précisément les grandes préoccupations de la Suisse durant la seconde moitié du XVIII[e] siècle" (p. 51).

Of Rousseau's major works, only the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and the *Emile* met with Meister's approval; indeed, they furnished him with numerous quotations and some of the dominant themes of his *Etudes sur l'homme, Morale naturelle*, and *Entretiens philosophiques et poétiques*. But, though he appreciated the Rousseau who sang of the beauties of nature and of man's regeneration through a return to the natural state, he had nothing but sharp criticism for Jean-Jacques' views of society and of the corrupting influence of letters and science. Meister, who spent a great part of his life in the Paris salons and who attended the theater almost every evening, "ne consent point à ce que l'homme soit ramené au 'doux état de quadrupède,' et il ... garde une foi invincible dans 'le progrès toujours croissant des arts et des jouissances de la civilisation'" (pp. 48-49). The obscurity and the contradictions of the *Contrat social* met with his complete disapproval; as for the *Confessions*, "il eût mieux valu les supprimer."

Mme Grubenmann is at her best in Chapters IV and IX where she analyzes Meister's patriotism and cosmopolitanism. Though imbued with a strong love for Switzerland and for all things Swiss, he was a true "citizen of Europe" whose writings show a deep appreciation of different countries, their literatures, their governments, and their laws. Examples of his broad outlook are to be found throughout the pages of the *Correspondance littéraire* as well as in such works as *Souvenirs de mes voyages en Angleterre, Voyage au delà des Alpes*, and *Esquisses européennes*. It was this discriminating sympathy for foreign cultures that led him to take a moderate stand in the controversy over Shakespeare (discussed

in Chapter VIII). Meister's almost fanatical love for the French classics and his awareness of the differences in character between the French and English peoples made him cry out against the strict imitation of English dramatic works. In fact, he deplored the widespread Anglomania which was threatening to change the character of the French nation itself. But, if Shakespearian drama ought not to be copied in servile fashion, the French theater should indeed draw upon it for badly needed inspiration, choosing only those aspects which could be adapted to the French manner of thinking and of feeling. Meister, a Frenchman by adoption, preferred Racine to Shakespeare; but through his perception of the qualities which the French can admire in the English dramatist he helped advance the discovery and the appreciation of Shakespeare on the continent.

Chapter V of this study deals with the history of the *Correspondance littéraire,* its subscribers, the aim and general content of the letters, and some of the weaknesses of the Tourneux edition. Though Tourneux knew of only one copy of the last part of the *Correspondance* covering the years 1794-1813 (that of Gotha), Mme Grubenmann points out the existence of a second copy now in a private collection in Winterthour. She criticizes Tourneux not only for having failed to publish the greater part of this section, but also for having omitted sentences, paragraphs, and even complete articles from the earlier years of the *Correspondance,* material to be found in MSS. at the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal and the Bibliothèque Centrale de Zurich. Instead of publishing all or even a significant portion of these *inédits* herself, Mme Grubenmann has put in her Appendix a one-page extract from the journal of Meister's father and an already published letter from Meister to Jean-Jacques Bodmer.

When one reads the discussion of Meister's and Grimm's contributions to the *Correspondance* (Chapters VI and VII), it is immediately apparent that Sainte-Beuve's remark of a hundred years ago still holds true: "On n'est pas juste pour Grimm; on ne prononce jamais son nom sans y joindre quelque qualification désobligeante" (*Causeries du Lundi,* VII, 288). Our author unfortunately felt obliged to carry out her rehabilitation of Meister by almost constant disparagement of his predecessor. Comparison and contrast of the literary, philosophic, and religious doctrines of the two men are obviously demanded by her study. But why is it that Grimm always comes out second best?

In some instances such a ranking is clearly justified; yet the total impression is one of continual faultfinding with every aspect of "le Germain" (or "l'Allemand") and of corresponding delight with the ideas and pronouncements of "l'Helvète" (or "notre Zurichois"). One would have thought that by now the old view of Grimm as an ungrateful German who paid back France's hospitality with harsh criticism had died out. Mme Grubenmann does not go so far as to echo Louis Reynaud's claim that Grimm was a German propaganda agent, yet she reports Edmond Schérer's conclusions by stating: "Grimm n'y montre aucune sympathie à l'égard de la France, Grimm n'aime point la France. Alors que Meister ne se lasse de défendre la civilisation française comme son propre patrimoine spirituel ... l'Allemand ne manque aucune occasion de s'en prendre avec une singulière âpreté aux traditions intellectuelles, religieuses et artistiques les plus sacrées du pays qui l'avait adopté" (p. 101).

Besides furnishing illustrations of Grimm's dislike of French music and French painting, his serious reservations about the excellence of French classical tragedy, and his lack of respect for the French language, the author emphasizes his ingratitude in attacking venerable national institutions like the Sorbonne and the Académie Française. (For some reason, the many Frenchmen who also criticized these same things are not mentioned.) "Puis, ce n'est pas aimer un pays que de mettre en doute les mérites de ses grands hommes"; evidently Grimm casts a slur

on Bossuet's greatness by scarcely paying any attention to him. (In all fairness to Grimm it should be pointed out that, while he discusses the *Oraisons funèbres* only once, Meister does not treat Bossuet at all!)

Mme Grubenmann condemns Grimm for his sarcastic remarks about Rousseau's *Emile*, although Meister's attitude toward Jean-Jacques was by no means one of complete approval. Lack of foresight seems to be the accusation leveled at Grimm because of a severely critical article about Beaumarchais' first play *Eugénie*, written eight years before the *Barbier de Séville*; here our author complains because Grimm had not yet recognized the future greatness of Beaumarchais (whom, by the way, she links with Marivaux as "écrivains de second rang"). Grimm's philosophy is of a "navrante sécheresse"; he is completely lacking in "souplesse" and "acuité de pensée" in his "incompréhension totale de tout ce qui touche au génie français"; whenever he has occasion to speak of French music, "il le fait *avec un acharnement teuton des plus déplaisants.*" Phrases like the one I have italicized recur all too frequently in this supposedly objective scholarly work; such blatant nationalism is especially out of place in a study extolling cosmopolitanism. We may console ourselves, however, with the thought that this latest attack will probably do little harm to Grimm's reputation.

Chapter VII presents some of the principal aspects of Meister's thought as it appears in the *Correspondance*. Here, although the author's disparagement of Grimm continues, her tone is somewhat less truculent as she briefly sets forth Meister's attitude toward religion, philosophy, political theory, music, language, and literature. It is quite surprising to find no mention of painting, especially since Diderot's *Salons* continued to be published for eight years under Meister's editorship. Strange, too, is the omission of all reference to those major works by Diderot which first appeared in serial form in the pages of the *Correspondance littéraire* from 1778 to 1782: *Jacques le fataliste, La Religieuse*, and *Le Rêve de d'Alembert*. After all, it was largely thanks to Meister that Diderot's literary reputation was established much earlier in Germany than in France.

Professor Charles Dédéyan of the Sorbonne says in his preface to this work that "il fallait en effet présenter une étude complète et méthodique de cet admirable agent de liaison intellectuelle que fut Jacques-Henri Meister" (p. 13). It is unfortunate that such a study should contain numerous misprints, several factual errors, and many undocumented quotations. Mme Grubenmann has indeed rendered a great service by drawing well-deserved attention to an important figure in eighteenth-century thought and letters and by increasing our awareness of his contribution to the outstanding literary gazette of that period. Still, the "étude complète" mentioned by Professor Dédéyan remains to be presented.

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VENUS UND DIE MISSVERSTANDENE DIDO. LITERARISCHE URSPRÜNGE DES SIBYLLEN- UND DES VENUSBERGES. By Walter Pabst. Hamburg: Cram, de Gruyter & Co., 1955. 154 p. (Hamburger Romanistische Studien, Reihe A, Band 40.)

Walter Pabst is professor of Romance philology at the University of Hamburg, and the author of some penetrating studies on the Italian *novella* (*Novellentheorie und Novellendichtung: Zur Geschichte ihrer Antinomie*, Hamburg, 1953). In the present work he traces, and neatly separates, the literary development of two legends with wide ramifications in mediaeval and modern literature: that of the Mount of the Sibyls at Norcia—the ancient Nursia—in the province of Perugia, and that of the Venusberg. The motif of the Mount of the Sibyls is followed

through Western literature from the *Aeneid* to the Old French epic *Huon d'Auvergne,* from Andrea da Barberino's *Guerin Meschino* and Antoine de la Salle's *Le Paradis de la reine Sibylle* (in *La Salade*) to Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato,* Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso,* Contreras' *Selva de aventuras*—and eventually down to Goethe (*Faust II,* Act IV, and the appendix to the Cellini translation). This legend seems to have developed quite separately from that of the Venusberg; the fact that a connection is often assumed to exist hinges merely on a misinterpretation of *Huon d'Auvergne.*

Pabst's most convincing argument in favor of a clear separation of the two traditions is Enea Silvio's letter to Goro Colli, of January 15, 1444, which proves beyond a doubt that the Italians of that time had no legends of a Venusberg. It is Pabst's thesis that this and other legends about demonized pagan gods were created outside of Italy, but set in that country, like so many "stories in search of a locale." The complex of legends centering around Norcia escaped this fate because the Sibyls, instead of being consigned to eternal darkness and banned to distant stars like other pagan divinities, were taken over as prophetesses by Christian art and literature (and immortalized, far above their "station" in antiquity, by Raphael and Michelangelo). It is an interesting and probably incontrovertible argument, though one might wish that the author had buttressed it not only in the field of literature but also psychologically and anthropologically. Freud is occasionally quoted (*Totem and Taboo; Das Unheimliche*), but one misses any reference, for example, to Bachofen. It is perhaps not given to any literary scholar to do for the Venusberg what Frazer did in *The Golden Bough* for the priesthood of Diana at Aricia; but one cannot help wishing that sound speculation in fields other than literature had occasionally lent wings to the literary scholar's minute description.

In the first chapter, "Das unheimliche Italien als literarische Konstante," Pabst distinguishes seven "waves" in the demonization of Italy in Western literature. This introductory chapter makes fascinating reading indeed. One can only hope that the author will eventually combine his various partial investigations into a book on that aspect of Italy, a book that should be vitally interesting to scholars and readers in half a dozen literatures. Briefly, the seven stages in the development of this tradition are the following:

Italy is first described as a region of eschatological anxiety in the sixth book of the *Aeneid* and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (especially XIV). There follows, in the early Middle Ages, the demonization of the ancient gods (foreshadowed in Lucian's *Philopseudes,* and extending to St. Augustine and St. Isidore of Seville), and of their "home ground," Italy, in particular. In the early thirteenth century the theme is taken up in the description of Italy by John of Salisbury, Gervase of Tilbury, Konrad von Querfurth, and others—generally in the form of what would now be *novelle* (in Latin, of course). The particular contribution of these authors was the mediaeval Virgil legends localized in Naples. William of Malmesbury already foreshadowed the statue wedding, which later formed a literary tradition of its own, from the *Kaiserchronik* through Mérimée (*La Vénus d'Ille*) to present-day Italian writers. The Sibyl of Norcia, with the transformations described in Pabst's later chapters, represents the fourth stage, which sets in with the Renaissance. The fifth is connected with the discovery, and rejection, of Renaissance Italy in England (Elizabethan and Puritan), France (e.g., du Bellay's *Songe* and *Regrets,* XCVII and XCVIII), and Germany (widespread throughout the Reformation). Hotspur's "Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh" (*Henry IV,* Part I, III, 1) is traced in this connection—somewhat freely, it must be admitted—right down to Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus* (p. 13). To Kornmann's *Venusberg* (1614) Pabst assigns the rank of an entire "wave," the sixth, largely because of its importance two hundred years later for Tieck's *Pietro von Abano* and Brentano's

Romanzen vom Rosenkranz. Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) marks the beginning of the seventh, and contemporary, intensification in the literary treatment of "sinister" Italy, which leads up to Gide's *Les Caves du Vatican.* Mann's *Der Tod in Venedig,* d'Annunzio's *La Pisanelle, ou le Jeu de la Rose et de la Mort,* and—*Das Cabinett des Dr. Caligari!* American literature has joined the chorus, from Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* to Thornton Wilder's *Cabala,* and beyond.

As Pabst repeatedly points out, it is odd that the Italians themselves have had so little to do with the development of this literary dimension of their own country. He gives several partial explanations of this indifference, which are too involved to sum up here. He mentions, but perhaps does not sufficiently stress, a very obvious one; this is, after all, a very unflattering picture of Italy!

The author is a widely read man, equally at home in Virgil and in Hemingway. If a couple of titles are mentioned here that he seems to have overlooked, it is not to make a petty criticism but because no man can account for all the manifestations of the several literary traditions with which this book deals. In the last chapter, "Leid und Rache der entthronten Göttin," Pabst takes up the "revenge" of the demonized or displaced Venus who, as a statue come alive, kills or otherwise ruins her (present-day, mortal) lover, as in Mérimée. He might have mentioned in this connection a well-known German story, Hauptmann's *Der Ketzer von Soana,* in which the theme is, to say the least, very strongly suggested. In accounting for recent Anglo-Saxon treatments of "sinister" Italy (in which connection Hemingway is quite properly quoted), Pabst overlooked Bromfield's *Death in Monte Carlo* (set, despite the title, mostly in Venice), and perhaps also the earlier parts of Evelyn Waugh's *Men at Arms.* The omission of Bromfield's story is the more surprising since Pabst is the author of "Satan und die alten Götter in Venedig," now appearing in *Euphorion,* in which he further elaborates the problem of which the present book is meant to be only a partial treatment—the literary role of Italy, and of Rome and Venice in particular, as the home of the "sinister."

WOLFGANG LEPPMANN

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DIE TYPISCHEN ERZÄHLSITUATIONEN IM ROMAN. By Dr. Franz Stanzel. Vienna-Stuttgart: Braumüller, 1955. 176 p.

The chapter headings are informative : I. Die Erzählsituation und das epische Präteritum. II. Der auktoriale Roman—*Tom Jones.* III. Der *Ich*-Roman—*Moby-Dick.* IV. Der personale Roman—*The Ambassadors.* V. *Ulysses.* VI. Exkurs: Die Darstellung des Buwußtseins. VII. Versuch einer Typologie des Romans.

In his introduction, the author states that "die Mittelbarkeit der Darstellung [wird] als Ausgangspunkt genommen" (p. 20), and adds that this mediacy finds its visible expression in the "Erzählsituation eines Romans." Disagreeing in part with previous attempts to establish the "typology" of the novel, Dr. Stanzel recognizes only three main types: the "auctorial" novel, in which the narrator vouches for but is outside the matters related (e.g., as editor of a MS.); the first-personal novel, in which the narrator is involved in the story; and the "personal" or "neutral" novel, in which the narrator is as nearly as possible concealed from view. (*Ulysses,* as one might have guessed, resists classification.) As the author is self-limited to literature in English, only a handful of novels from France, Germany, and Russia are mentioned, in addition to the 45 British and American works which are his primary concern. (Regrettably, he happens not to mention Kafka's *Der Prozeß* and *Das Schloß.* I should have been glad to see Dr. Stenzel discuss those

works in reference to his types; they are as much in need of elucidation as any novels known to me.)

The author admits that his patterns hardly ever occur unmixed in any novel. He says frankly that any one of his three types is "nur sehr selten in einer konsequent typischen Form verwirklicht" (p. 93). This reviewer would remark that such a result could have been predicted; for, although thesis novels are not rare, formula novels seldom occur above the level of the potboiler. This being the case, it seems proper to ask what useful purpose a study of this kind can serve. Surely the creative writer will not consult it before he starts his new story, in order to determine what type he will more or less imperfectly follow; nor is it to be expected that the general reader will care much whether the novel he chances to be enjoying conforms to a particular type. At most, perhaps, the professional critic could get pointers from this author's remarks, not a few of which strike me as quite perceptive and well put.

It is true that similar analyses are made in certain areas of poetry and music, but the apparent analogy will hardly give much support to the present investigation. In both cases, interpretation is welcome and sometimes needed, since the symbols of both poetry and music (e.g., in such instrumental works as the symphony) are by no means transparent to everyone. In both cases, however, the assumption, certainly valid for music, is that any reader will return, perhaps many times, to the contemplation of the interpreted work. It is doubtful if this can be predicted of the general reader of novels.

Thus I am forced to the conclusion that this monograph is another example of that passionate pursuit of classification for its own sake which is one of the most persistent preoccupations of the German mind.

There is a useful and rather extensive bibliography, and an index of the novels mentioned in the text.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

Stanford, Calif.

GERMAN LITERARY INFLUENCES ON THE AMERICAN TRANSCENDENTALISTS. By Stanley M. Vogel. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1955. xvii, 196 p.

Detailed and painstaking studies, involving not a little delving into diaries, letters, and other manuscript material, have been helpful of late years in opening up and filling in the picture of American-German literary relations during and even prior to the nineteenth century. Mr. Vogel pays his respects to these studies in his introduction, but prints no bibliography. His own monograph, which might be designated as a case study, adds considerably to our knowledge of one important sector of nineteenth-century thought, as related to, if not influenced by, German literature and philosophy.

The vagueness of the last sentence reflects what I find in the book. On p. 105 we read: "That the term Transcendentalism came from Kant one cannot deny... but there is no proof that Emerson or the other Concord writers read Kant... until long after their doctrines had been formulated." In his introduction on p. xv Mr. Vogel admits that the Transcendentalists themselves "were bothered by this question (of what debt they owed to Kant's terminology), and their answers were not always alike." In view of this clouded situation, it seems unfortunate that the author does not even list "Transcendentalism" in the index, and that he gives neither a definition of the term as its American proponents understood it (the *Britannica*, perhaps understandably, recognizes no American transcendentalism) nor a history or even chronology of its heyday in New England.

What he does attempt, as far as German philosophers are concerned, is "to

establish the sources of information about these German thinkers, the number of their works read, and the defense of that reading prevalent among the Transcendentalists" (p. 109). His main interest, however, is centered on "the purely literary influences which came to these shores from Germany" (p. xiv.).

The study falls into two unequal parts: "German Scholarship Outside the Transcendental Circle," and "German Scholarship Among the Transcendentalists." The American names which loom largest are: J. Q. Adams, Bronson Alcott, George Bancroft, C. T. Brooks, Orestes Brownson, W. E. Channing, J. F. Clarke, C. P. Cranch, J. S. Dwight, R. W. Emerson, Edward Everett, Charles Follen, Margaret Fuller, F. H. Hedge, H. W. Longfellow, Theodore Parker, George Ripley, H. D. Thoreau, George Ticknor; it is evident, however, that without the work and influence of Thomas Carlyle and S. T. Coleridge the American record might have been very different.

In any such investigation as this, the problem of organization is central and persistently bothersome. It must be said that Mr. Vogel has not solved his problem. Surely it is faulty organization which leads to needless and annoying repetitions (e.g., pp. 67 and 89, 68 and 90, 100 and 102). The important figure of Emerson is scattered over some forty pages, from xiii to 161, and is so pulled apart by this fragmentary treatment that the reader is left with a confused picture of his share in the development, the more so since Emerson's attitude, particularly toward Goethe, underwent a marked change as time went on.

It is at bottom a failure in organization when the author sets himself the task of comparing Emerson's "fundamental theories of life" (p. 98) with those of Goethe. What he was aiming at, an exposition of Emerson's response to Goethe as a partial explanation of his incomplete acceptance of Goethe's greatness, did not require Mr. Vogel to tell his readers what Goethe was like.

While the study is in the main commendably accurate, there are some strange errors. I am completely baffled by this statement on p. 15: "Frothingham contended that by these inferior dramatists and their imitators could be chronicled the reign of false taste and turgid style, 'faithful to the dignity of the drama, to its approved rules and noblest models.'"

I think it is misleading to say that Frothingham "criticized Grillparzer's *Das Goldene* [sic], *Vliess* [sic]," since the review was favorable. On p. 157 Mr. Vogel mixes his figures when he equates "righteous wrath" with a "stupor" in New England. On p. 159 he misleads in saying of Emerson, "Beginning with the complete works of Goethe, he read..." I noted some false capitalization of German titles, and also these misprints: "Niederländе" (p. 23), "experimment" (p. 81), "dreissig jährigen" (p. 86). On p. 116 Hedge's anthology is given one title, on p. 117 a different one.

I hasten to point out, in conclusion, that Mr. Vogel has unearthed a large amount of material which will be useful to other scholars, that he has been able to correct some past errors or false assumptions (see, e.g., pp. 82, 104), and that his excellent topical index will make the information contained in his book readily and conveniently available.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN

Stanford, Calif.

THE NEW WOMAN: HER EMERGENCE IN ENGLISH DRAMA 1600-1730. By Jean Elisabeth Gagen. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1954. 193 p.

With none of the formidable "feminism" that the title might suggest, Miss Gagen's book entertainingly surveys a crucial century and a half of dramatic portraits of defiant womanhood in a man's world. Beginning with a study of learned

ladies as portrayed in the drama, the author remarks upon the decline of admiration for educated and intellectual women that followed the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of the misogynist James I. Renaissance delight in such serious feminine scholars as Margaret More, Anne Cooke, Lady Jane Grey, and Elizabeth herself gave way in the seventeenth century to an attitude amply illustrated by an anecdote related of James, who, when a young woman was presented to him as a "learned maid," proficient in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, asked sourly: "But can she spin?"

In such an age, dramatic portrayals of women who challenged male prerogatives in education (or in anything else) were almost exclusively satirical, as in the works of Jonson and Fletcher. Exceptions might be found in the unacted "thesis" dramas of the eccentric Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, to whom a chapter of *The New Woman*, entitled "A Champion of the Learned Lady," is devoted. After the Restoration, the learned lady was defended on the stage by Aphra Behn and Mrs. Centlivre; but male indignation only retaliated in satirical dramatic sketches of "lady writers" such as Lady Froth in Congreve's *Double Dealer*, Mrs. Wrangle in Cibber's *Refusal*, and Phoebe Clinket in *Three Hours After Marriage*.

From the unabating ridicule directed at women scientists, philosophers, preachers, and *précieuses* by dramatists of the time, Miss Gagen concludes that female defiance of masculine supremacy succeeded better in the home than in public life. As the sentimental spirit developed in comedy, a woman's right to the choice of a husband, or even to the choice of none, became more generally accepted. A "contract" between husband and wife like that between Congreve's Mirabel and Millamant came to be a frequent solution to the battles of the sexes in comedy. By mid-eighteenth century woman had, at least on the stage, gained recognition as a "rational creature," and her independence of mind no longer provided inspiration for the satirist.

Miss Gagen's well-chosen examples give evidence of thorough research in the drama and social history of the period, but she seems reluctant to generalize from her considerable body of illustrative material. She does not take often enough the advantage offered by the nature of her subject to depart from the style of the dissertation.

CHARLOTTE HUGHES

Portland State College

THE FIELD OF YIDDISH. STUDIES IN YIDDISH LANGUAGE, FOLKLORE AND LITERATURE. Edited by Uriel Weinreich. New York, 1954. viii, 317 p. (Publications of the Linguistic Circle of New York, No. 3.)

This handsome volume, published on the occasion of the bicentennial of Columbia University, is, in the editor's words, "the first attempt to present to the scholarly world in a medium other than Yiddish a representative sampling of Yiddish linguistic, folkloristic and literary research." On the whole, philological considerations loom larger in this symposium than the purely literary ones. Problems of Yiddish linguistics, both descriptive and historical, are tackled here by a number of recognized authorities in the field, e.g., Max Weinreich, Judah A. Joffe, Yudel Mark, and—last but not least—by the able editor of the book, Uriel Weinreich of Columbia University.

Literary analysis is represented in *The Field of Yiddish* primarily by B. Hrushovski's incisive discussion of "Free Rhythms in Yiddish Poetry." It is apparent that Mr. Hrushovski brings to his task, in addition to intimate familiarity with contemporary Yiddish poetry and with modern verse in general, a keen

awareness of recent developments in comparative metrics. At times his generalizations suffer from excessive vagueness. Thus, one may question the usefulness of such propositions as "the rhythm of a poem is a linguistic expression of a particular life rhythm." But, in dealing with specific problems of verse rhythm, Mr. Hrushovski is much more rewarding and methodologicaly sound. He perceives correctly that a rhythmical analysis of modern poetry will be better served by the notion of the *colon*, i.e., a cluster of words "grouped around one center-like accent," than by the traditional concept of the *foot*. More important, he does an impressive job of disentangling the manifold linguistic and literary factors which over the last fifty years or so have shaped the course and the texture of Yiddish *vers libre* in Eastern Europe as well as on this continent. (Incidentally, some of the most telling quotations are drawn from the masters of Yiddish poetry in America, such as M. L. Halpern, Leivick, and Leyeles.) Perhaps the most provocative aspect of Mr. Hrushovski's study is a careful delineation of such interlocking determinants as the prosodically relevant properties of the Yiddish language, the rhythmical patterns of Yiddish and Slaciv oral tradition, and the "free rhythms" evolved by the masters of German expressionism and of Russian or American "modernism."

Mr. Hrushovski's findings have direct relevance to many fundamental problems of modern metrics, especially the problem of the relation between verse rhythm and everyday speech, raised by Roman Jakobson in his pathbreaking study of Czech versification (*O cheshskom stikhe*, Berlin, 1923). In each national literature, Jakobson argued, versification is bound to be affected by the hierarchy of prosodic elements (i.e., stress, quantity, pitch), inherent in the given language. Yet, since poetry always involves artifice, the choice of the rhythmical scheme is influenced at any given moment by aesthetic as well as linguistic factors, notably "the poetic tradition . . . and the foreign literary influences operative at the time" (p. 16).

That a discussion of modern Yiddish poetry should open vistas such as these is a tribute to the breadth of the paper's conceptual framework. But, as Mr. Hrushovski points out in his opening remarks, some of these larger implications are strongly suggested by the nature of the subject itself, indeed, of the entire "field of Yiddish." Because of its peculiar susceptibility to "foreign literary influences," more exactly (the word "foreign" is rather ill suited here) because of the direct impact upon the Yiddish poet of a non-Jewish cultural environment, whether Polish, Russian, or American, Yiddish verse writing presents to a student of comparative literature a singularly rewarding field of inquiry. Mr. Hrushovski's paper bears out, within the compass of Yiddish and comparative rhythmics, the larger claim of the preface: "The field of Yiddish is of substantial significance not only to the study of Jewish civilization, but also to the humanities and general social science."

VICTOR ERLICH

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DRYDEN AND THE ART OF TRANSLATION. By William Frost. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1955. 100 p. (Yale Studies in English.)

Whatever small reservations the scholarly reader might have concerning Mr. Frost's book, he would certainly want to praise it for representing a type of academic writing which ought to be encouraged. To this type we might give the name of scholarly criticism, i.e., literary criticism—analysis and evaluation—which rests on a solid foundation of research, whether the critic's or another's. As far as mere research goes, Dryden's translations have already had quite adequate

treatment. His use of particular texts and commentaries has been documented, his minor debts to previous translations have been established, and his competence as a classical scholar has been vindicated against charges of ignorance and carelessness—charges which largely collapsed when many supposed misinterpretations were found to be justified by the texts and commentaries which Dryden actually consulted. Frost's task was to go somewhat further in analyzing Dryden's methods and in defending his taste, his sympathetic understanding of his originals, and the intrinsic literary value of the translations.

There is, however, another aspect to the study. *Dryden and the Art of Translation* is concerned not only with the problem of criticizing a particular translation, but with the whole problem of translation in general. The book is a long way from being another example of academic specialization; it contains a fine balance, not only of the critical and the scholarly, but of the general and the particular.

As a work of scholarship Frost's book is generally unobjectionable. Whatever research was appropriate has usually been done conscientiously. It is true that some previous work on the subject seems to have been passed over; there are, as usual, some German articles (O. Schoepke, "Über Dryden's Bearbeitung Chaucer'scher Gedichte," *Anglia*, II, 1879, 314-354, and III, 1880, 35-58); and while these essays are not masterpieces of criticism, they represent sound, solid work and ought to have been taken into account—at least they could have saved the author some trouble. The treatment of the texts of Dryden's originals generally sounds authoritative, but there are a few defects. We never learn which text of Virgil is being quoted; and this is an important point, since the texts which Dryden used often differ from modern ones, which are useless in any discussion of a supposed deviation from the original. The comparison of Dryden's version of the first books of the *Iliad* with Pope's is one of the best pieces of critical analysis in the work—especially the comment on Dryden's curiously mock-heroic tone in certain passages; but it is made without any reference to the Greek, though the reader would certainly like to know how far Dryden's tone is justified by the original. Quite possibly this indifference to the original is the result of an aspect of Frost's critical theory which we shall have occasion to criticize later on.

The discussion of translation as a critical problem is somewhat uneven. Near the beginning Frost attempts to establish a critical vocabulary through the distinction between "pillar symbols"—under which term are included "ideologies," "any logical sequence of ideas or any sequence of images," "narrative, reflections or philosophy, exposition"—and "local symbolism"—meter, rhyme, selection and arrangement of words, and the like (pp. 27-29). This is similar to Douglas Knight's distinction between local structures and complete meaning (*Pope and the Heroic Tradition*, New Haven, 1951, p. 34); the use of the term "symbolism" in a meaning much broader than the usual one seems to me simply confusing. Admittedly it serves to emphasize Frost's conviction that "in the greatest poetry even details of meter, etc., often have symbolic force" (p. 27). But it also involves a kind of linguistic theft, whereby the word is taken over to express Frost's meaning, while the ordinary, more limited and precise meanings are left without a word to express them unambiguously; if an idea is itself a symbol, what term shall we use for an object that stands for the idea? As a matter of fact, Frost seldom uses this terminology in the body of the book; in the chapter headings we have instead the less pretentious terms "local effects" and "larger problems." Regardless of the terms used, the distinction is, of course, a real one, and Frost applies it intelligently.

As to his theory of translation, the chief thing to criticize is his reluctance to admit that a translation should ever be judged by the degree to which it reproduces the tone of the original. Frost is correct in objecting to Matthew Arnold's rather

arbitrary and mechanical way of dealing with the problem. But, to take an example already mentioned, it is surely a matter of interest that, insofar as Dryden's manner in his translation of the first book of the *Iliad* is mock-heroic, it gives an entirely false idea of the corresponding passages of the original; and it is surely allowable to say that Pope's more dignified manner more nearly approximates the original in these passages, even though the effect is far from being the same. Again, although Frost is unquestionably right in scorning Arnold's hope that an English meter will be found to give the effect of the classical hexameter, yet we might well feel that the heroic couplet or blank verse could be made to give a closer approximation than the verse of *Hudibras*. Perhaps Frost did not really intend to put the matter so strongly, for he frequently praises Dryden for imitating the "local symbolism" of the original (e.g., pp. 40, 49, 51). While one would not want to adopt Frost's theory or terminology as a whole or uncritically, yet the discussion is interesting and acute and useful in clarifying issues and sweeping away false theories of the past. Any future discussions should be on a sounder basis as a result of this book.

The chief merit of the book is Frost's discussion of particular passages and of particular aspects of Dryden's art. Such analyses are what we would expect in the section on local effects, but they also illustrate the section on theory and are the backbone even of the section on "pillar symbols." In the end they accomplish what the author set out to do. The book is modestly entitled "exploratory," and with respect to the theory of translation the label is appropriate. With respect to Dryden's performance as a translator it is not so appropriate, for here the book is more nearly definitive. Even though not all of Dryden's translations are discussed, there is a good representation and all the important issues are raised. Moreover, the task of vindication is well done. Although there is room for further work on minor aspects of Dryden's translations, and although critical revaluation must certainly occur as attitudes change, yet it is not likely that another treatment on this scale will be needed.

JOHN C. SHERWOOD

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THOMAS HOBBES ET J.-J. ROUSSEAU. By Georges Davy. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1953. 29 p.

It has been the fate of Hobbes as a political philosopher to interest the world most at moments of historical crisis and to be judged most often with less than philosophic detachment. To a considerable part of his posterity his political thought has seemed to begin and end with the doctrine of the king's peace, and the legend has grown, in the wake of liberalism's triumphs, that he was an enemy to freedom, the most articulate apologist of absolute monarchy who ever lived, and his *Leviathan* the most formidable manual of tyranny ever penned.

In the examination of this legend, however, twentieth-century scholarship has been impressed by the ambiguity both of the logic and of the history on which these judgments have rested. While historians of philosophy have questioned the traditional interpretations, historians of his reputation have pointed out not only the discomfort he caused to friends of monarchy but also the numerous debts owed him and sometimes acknowledged by those who were its historic enemies. If the king was satisfied with Hobbes' loyalty, royalists in the exiled king's court were not. The suspicion was widespread that Hobbes, as Bramhall said, had taken his sovereign for better but not for worse, and that he had enthroned the right reason of the stronger as the only standard of obligation.

In France as in England, Hobbes' political principles were debated by almost every philosopher of first rank from the middle of the seventeenth century until the Revolution. Duverdus dedicated his translation of Hobbes to Louis XIV, and in the dedicatory "Epître" earnestly recommended the book to be read by professors of the realm as a safeguard against rebellion. Descartes, on the other hand, observed that, while Hobbes' intent had been to write in favor of monarchy, he could have defended it better with more tenable and more virtuous principles. And from 1649 on, when Sorbière first translated *De Cive* into French, generations of French readers noted in the translator's as well as the author's preface Hobbes' own admission that the superiority of monarchy, of which he was convinced, was the one thing in the whole book he had not proved. By the middle of the eighteenth century the opinion was widely held in France that Hobbes had indeed proved too little, or else he had proved too much.

In the Zaharoff Lecture at Oxford for 1953 the distinguished sociologist, historian of philosophy, and authority on Hobbes, Professor Georges Davy addressed himself to certain fundamental and enduring aspects of the relationship of Jean-Jacques Rousseau to Hobbes. Rousseau, as Professor Davy points out, said many things about Hobbes, most of which were derogatory. He spoke variously of the "dangerous reveries," the "error," the "horrible," "absurd," "insane," and "revolting" system of Hobbes, and referred to the philosopher himself as superficial, as a sophist and a blasphemer. These epithets understandably led some of Rousseau's contemporaries to conclude, as Diderot did, that the philosophy of Rousseau was the opposite of Hobbes.'

However, alongside Rousseau's grandiloquent denunciations must also be considered his observation that it was not the falsehood but the truth in Hobbes' philosophy which had given it its odious reputation, and his tributes to the philosopher himself as one who had perceived "the defect of all modern conceptions of natural law," as "the only Christian writer" who had diagnosed the malady of divided sovereignty and prescribed its remedy, and finally as "one of the finest geniuses who had ever lived." Aware of these eclectic and seemingly contradictory judgments, Rousseau scholarship has for long been concerned to define the nature and extent of Rousseau's debt to Hobbes. As early as 1873 Morley described the *Contrat social* summarily as the Leviathan minus its crowned head, and Faguet a generation later spoke of Rousseau's "démocratisme" as "la monarchie absolue retournée." Since then scarcely a single critic or commentator has failed to note doctrinal affinities between the philosopher of Malmesbury and the citizen of Geneva.

Professor Davy sees in Rousseau so considerable an intellectual acquisition from *De Cive* and *De Corpore politico* that he is willing to speak of him without hesitancy as a disciple of Hobbes. Despite important differences of emphasis and orientation due to time and circumstance, he sees Rousseau's system as embodying substantial constitutive elements of Hobbes' analysis. He notes first the common ground of political realism on which both stood. For all the noble idealism of Rousseau's eloquence on the high level of moral principle, he believes, Rousseau's city was as firmly founded on utilitarian individualism as was Hobbes'. It took for granted the universal egotism of human nature and concern for self-preservation as the beginning of political wisdom and as the very foundation of equal justice. Secondly, M. Davy shows that, although Rousseau's refutation of the alleged *droit du plus fort* (*C.S.*, I, 3, 4) was aimed at one of the central tenets of the Hobbist legend, the legend does less than justice to Hobbes' analysis of the instituted commonwealth.

For Hobbes as for Rousseau the basis of all sovereign authority and power is the consent of individuals to leave the state of nature, and the original form of all

instituted government is therefore democratic. Here, however, as M. Davy points out with abundant precedent, the similarity ends; for, while Rousseau insists that the sovereign power thus created is inalienable, Hobbes makes its irrevocable alienation the people's first corporate act. Rousseau and Hobbes are in agreement again in making the same distinction between subjecting a multitude and governing a people. Both insist that the adoption of the majority procedure presupposes a unanimous will to become and to remain a city. Both reject the conception of contract according to which the people contract with the sovereign and therefore qualify and limit his or its sovereignty. Both speak of only one contract, the contract of association. Both declare that the only natural rights alienated by individuals as a result of the contract are those indispensable to the public welfare, and both maintain also that the sovereign is always judge of which rights these are. Finally, while both share the classical and Christian belief in universal justice and natural law, both regard it as inadequate to keep the peace and to insure justice without the sanctions of the public sword.

In recapitulation M. Davy repeats that it is not his purpose to obscure the historic opposition of Rousseau's politics of democracy to Hobbes' politics of peace, but to survey the philosophic ground which they held in common. If M. Davy's criticism of Vaughan (along with Derathé's and Cobban's) concerning the consistency of Rousseau's "individualism" in the *Contrat social* may still leave some readers with honest reservations, his perceptive and forthright presentation leaves no doubt that Rousseau used many of Hobbes' analyses with identical philosophic purpose. M. Davy does not claim to have enumerated all the inspirations Rousseau received from the "horrible" system of Hobbes, but he has indicated enough to suggest as one of the ironies of Clio that the theories of Hobbes, archconservative and defender of the king's peace, came to paradoxical fruition in France through the works of a radical philosopher who did as much as any of his contemporaries to prepare France for the events and responsibilities of 1789.

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SCRITTI CRITICI ITALIANI SU LEONE TOLSTOJ (GUIDA BIBLIOGRAFICA). By Anna Carretta. Pubblicazione del Seminario di Slavistica dell'Istituto Universitario Orientale di Napoli. Series II, No. 2. Naples: R. Pironti & Figli, 1955. 50 p.

It is not generally realized that in Italy there has been a very considerable interest in Russian literature. Virtually every Russian writer of any importance has received minute attention, particularly literary giants like Chekhov, Dostoevsky, Gogol, Gorky, Puskin, Tolstoy, and Turgenev. In Italy, as in other countries, it is natural to find that the greatest amount of study and comment has been devoted to Tolstoy. If sufficiently comprehensive, the assemblage of the rich and widely scattered material on him in the form of a bibliographical survey could be highly serviceable. It is, therefore, pertinent to ask: How full a review of Tolstoian criticism in Italian is provided in Miss Carretta's compilation?

The work consists of three sections—studies in periodicals and newspapers (77 items), essays in volumes of literary criticism (15 items), monographs (7 items), and a note listing a score of studies which have not been accessible to the compiler. The fact that the entries in my personal files number approximately 200 as against her total of 120 will convey some idea as to how short she falls of fulfilling our expectations. Obviously, the student of Tolstoy must look elsewhere to supplement her list. Some help can be obtained from *Italian Criticism of Russian Literature* (Columbus, Ohio, 1938) by J. M. Carrière and myself, and my *Universal*

Author Repertoire of Italian Essay Literature (New York, 1941) and *Saggistica letteraria italiana: 1938-1952* (Florence, 1956). Attention is also called to the following:[1]

Algranati, Gina. *Le idee di Leone Tolstoi intorno all'arte* (Naples, Priore, 1911).

Barbieri, Giacomina. *Leone Tolstoi. Sua conoscenza della vita e dell'arte* (Naples, Batelli, 1901).

Baroni, L. "Attualità di Tolstoi," *Meridiano di Roma*, No. 14, 1940.

Baroni, L. "Tolstoi in guerra e in pace," *Quaderno*, No. 24, 1940.

Bessone, Roberto. *L'opera letteraria di Leone Tolstoi. Conferenza* (Mondovì, Cooperativa, 1904).

Bo, Carlo. "Memoria di Tolstoi," *Italia che scrive*, XXIV (1941), 136-138.

Borgese, G. A. "Rileggendo *Anna Karenina*," *Delta*, III (1952), 11-17.

Casnati, Francesco. "Il dramma religioso di Tolstoi," *Vita e Pensiero*, XXXII (1949), 86-92.

Gerace-Di Vasto, Luigi. *L'Œuvre littéraire de Léon Tolstoi* (Città di Castello, Lapi, 1911).

Greco, M. Menandro. *Poesia ultraribelle e filosofia sociale—Rapisardi, Guerrini, Tailhade, Tolstoi, Nietzsche, Gorki, etc.* (Rome, Speranza, 1903).

Jezzi, Antonio. *La dottrina di Leone Tolstoi* (Rome, Forzani, 1907).

Lo Gatto, Ettore. "Tolstoi (nel 40° anniversario della morte)," *Letteratura Moderna*, II (1951), 164-175. The same study appears also in *Scienza e Cultura nell'URSS. Atti del Convegno di Informazioni sui Recenti Studi e Ricerche Sovietiche* (Rome, Ed. Associazione Italiana URSS, 1951).

Mangano, Vincenzo. *Progresso e civiltà nel pensiero di Nietzsche, di Ibsen e di Tolstoi* (Rome, Soc. Cattolica di Cultura, 1902).

Marcucci, Edmondo. *Studi su Tolstoi* (Rome, Ed. di Religio, 1941).

Marradi, Annita. *La pietà sociale nel romanzo: Victor Hugo e Leone Tolstoi* (San Miniato, Bongi, 1910).

Martire, Egilberta. *Maestri moderni dell'amore: B. Bjoernson, P. Mantegazza. L. Tolstoi, A. Fogazzaro* (Rome, Vita, 1912).

Onorati, Carmine. *La Sonata a Kreutzer e Leone Tolstoi. Saggio* (Melfi, Grieco, 1903).

Oreste, Pietro. *Il pensiero morale di Leone Tolstoi* (Bitonto, Garofalo, 1911).

Ottone, Giuseppe. *Il fatalismo storico in* Guerra e Pace *di Leone Tolstoi* (Vigevano, Tip. Nazionale, 1911).

Palmieri, Eugenia. *L'esperimento pedogogico di Tolstoi a Jasnaia Poliana* (Salerno, Spadafora, 1951).

Pietropaolo, Francesco. *Leone Tolstoi* (Acireale, Tip. Popolare, 1911).

Raffaele, Maria Cristina. *Uno studio sul conte Leone Tolstoi* (Messina, D'Amico, 1935).

Sciamè, Letizia. *Le idee pedagogiche di Leone Tolstoi* (Sciacca, Puccio, 1918).

Settanni, E. A. "Miseria di Tolstoi," *Corriere di Napoli*, No. 59, 1940.

Sostegni, A. *Finalità umana e sentimenti di patria in Gorki e Tolstoi. Conferenza* (Brescia, La Provincia, 1906).

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[1] Since Miss Carretta's foreword is dated 1952, all studies after this date are omitted from this list. However, because it partially covers the same ground as her compilation, it will be worth while to consult E. Lo Gatto, "Fortuna di Tolstoi nell'Italia d'oggi," *Tempo di Lunedì*, July 20, 1953.

Taglialatela, Edmondo. *Tolstoi e la saviezza infantile* (Rome, Speranza, 1913).
Tazzari, Vincenzo. *Difese e studi* (Bologna, Zanichelli, 1901).
Turola, J. *Leone Tolstoi e l'opera sua* (Turin, Streglia, 1906).

Despite the serious deficiencies in Miss Carretta's book, due to placing excessive reliance upon the faulty holdings in the libraries of the Neapolitan area, it still has a good deal of orientative value by virtue of the descriptive summaries which accompany the items included in the three sections. It is to be hoped that when Miss Carretta publishes her second, augmented edition, which she promises in her note on p. 37, most of the present lacunae will have disappeared. Only then can such a contribution become a primary tool in Tolstoy scholarship.

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COLLECTED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. New York: Oxford University Press, 1956. 2 vols. xxxix, 659 p.; viii, 558 p.

"Coleridge is one of the very greatest... of English critics," began a lead article in the *Times Literary Supplement* last year. It might have added that he is also responsible for much of the most influential criticism being written by our contemporaries. Rather than belabor the point, witness the recent scholarship of M. H. Abrams, W. J. Bate, Roberta Brinkley, to go no further along in the alphabet; or the bulk of criticism being written today in and out of scholarly journals, little magazines, the reviews, and even undergraduate literary publications. Were his criticism all that survived him, Coleridge would on that score alone be entitled to a first-class seat on Olympus. But he was also, as Lamb once dubbed him, "logician, metaphysician, and bard." He left the foundations of a school of English philosophy and a small but familiar corpus of poetical works, a score of which are worthy of the critical spirit that conceived them.

The more familiar Coleridge becomes, the more obvious appears the truth of his insistence that for him all human activity, of the soul as of the body, is integrated into "One Life." Philosophy without poetry, poetry without science, science without religion, religion without experience, were for him unthinkable. Consequently anything that we may learn concerning any facet of his life has intrinsic interest surpassing that of simply satisfying a natural curiosity about the adventures of a singularly gifted great man. We can learn of the growth of ideas that are now accepted as commonplaces, of the weaving of variegated experiences into the cloth of genius. Though there are, alas, certain physical limitations to our learning all we should like to know about Coleridge, many of these limitations are gradually being annihilated by a battery of energetic and enthusiastic scholars throughout the world.

For many years now, there have been four major Coleridge projects that have needed doing: a bibliography, a full-scale biography, an edition of his notebooks, and a collection of his letters. Who will undertake the bibliography and the biography is a guess; the notebooks are now in the eminently capable editorial hands of Kathleen Coburn. But the letters have at last appeared in a monumental edition edited by Professor Griggs. E. H. Coleridge's standard edition had more and more often in the past few years to be supplemented by other, usually inaccessible, sources. In 1932 Professor Griggs did good service in editing two volumes of uncollected letters (now out of print) preparatory to undertaking a complete re-editing. The time lag, from 1932 to 1956, is an indication of some of the problems he has had to contend with. And still the edition is only begun. The two volumes

now published take us through 1806. Coleridge died in 1834. Surely, by the time the final volume appears, the size of the edition will be formidable.

By the very nature and size of the work, there are bound to be many arbitrary omissions and commissions. Why for example omit the description of Naples printed in Gilman's *Life of Coleridge* (p. 179 note)?

"Sunday, December 15th, 1805

Naples, view of Vesuvius, the Hail-mist—Torre del Greco—bright amid darkness—the mountains above it flashing here and there from their snows; but Vesuvius, it had not thinned as I have seen at Keswick, but the air so consolidated with the massy cloud curtain, that it appeared like a mountain in basso relievo, in an interminable wall of some pantheon."

Since Gilman describes it as "memoranda written in pencil, and apparently as he journeyed along," it cannot legitimately be called a letter and may properly belong in the notebooks. Yet it might have been included in the notes to bridge the wide gap between the letters written August 21, 1805 and June 17, 1806. This kind of omission is doubtless an editor's prerogative, conditioned inevitably by considerations of space. But there are also errors of omission and commission which affect the accuracy of the text, and here human fallibility must bear the blame *pace* the dust jacket blurb that insists: "Every effort has been made to reproduce the letters exactly as they were written."

Since the present edition reproduces a gratifying quantity of poetry, first drafts, and variant readings of important poems, minor typographical errors or mistranscriptions can assume serious proportions. The reader is given an opportunity, opposite p. 65 (the two volumes are paged consecutively), of checking a facsimile of a MS. letter against Professor Griggs' transcription of it. He finds it accurate except for the last line on p. 65 which reads "tends," when Coleridge had written, and grammar demands, "tend." This kind of error, if rare, is harmless. On the other hand, I have been able to check against a photostatic copy of the MS. the long poem "Letter to ....." dated April 2, 1802, that came eventually to be called in later versions "Dejection, an Ode." Professor Griggs' transcript of it begins on p. 790 and proceeds accurately enough until p. 794 where the line "A wither'd branch upon on a blossoming Tree" hardly makes sense much less poetry. The MS. does not read "on" in that line. Similarly on p. 796, where the text reads "When I like an own Child, I to Joy belong'd," the MS. reads simply: "When like an own Child..." An error of omission appears on p. 797, where "They are not to me the Things, which once they were" jars on the ear accustomed long to the Wordsworthian overtone of the MS. reading "They are not to me now..." And the footnote to p. 797 explains that "Or" has been cancelled in the fifth line printed on that page, even though the MS. shows clearly the "Un" of "Unhaply"—as it appears in later versions of the ode which Griggs prints *passim* thereafter.

But if the editor has committed these serious errors in transcription, he has nevertheless done a great service in assembling what the publishers promise to be an edition of 1,800 letters, a third of which have "not been previously published." Of the new material contained in the volumes already published, some letters have been known to and used by scholars. For example, Werner Beyer's work on Coleridge's knowledge of German was based largely on certain letters in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, though he was able only to allude to them or to paraphrase parts of them. Collected as they are now, the letters illustrate Beyer's findings much more emphatically than he was able to do by précis or paraphrase. Consider how vibrant becomes Coleridge's German tour when spread out in a series of thirty-odd letters in which he describes whatever he sees, feels, and hears about everything from pottery to poetry. Wherever verbal description will not do, he sketches (badly); he writes sonnets in German; he visits

Klopstock, much to his own disillusionment when the poet of the *Messiah* tells him that he knew nothing much and cared less about Milton; he translates German hexameters; he studies "Swabian" and linguistics until he knows both Old and Low German better than the natives do. The effects of the tour on his subsequent career are well known, particularly his renewed interest in Spinoza, Leibnitz, Lessing, and metaphysics generally.

That the effects of his tour were not necessarily evil is apparent from the letters thus set out at length. They show that he did not abandon poetry for philosophy but simply saw their integral relationship—he became immersed in discovering the quiddity of poetry. There is a series of four long philosophical letters on the dependence of Locke on Descartes (hitherto unpublished) which cleared his mind once and for all of any allegiance to British empiricism. At the same time, the formulation of his belief in the esemplastic imagination flits like a "Jack o' Lanthorn" through the letters written within a few years after his return from Germany. He talks in 1800 of the "Imagination, which if it be a Jack o' Lanthorn to lead us out of that way is however at the same time a Torch to light us whither we are going." "A whole Essay," he goes on, "might be written on the Danger of *thinking* without Images" (p. 646). A month later, he reports among his "literary pursuits": "as a serious object, a metaphysical Investigation of the Laws, by which our Feelings form affinities with each other, with Ideas, and with words" (p. 656). A few months later he promises to be able to deduce the five senses from one major sense and to trace their evolution from it; he speaks too of the mind being made in God's image, "and that too in the sublimest sense—the Image of the *Creator*" (p. 709). Finally, in January 1804, Coleridge writes what in all essentials had become the keystone of his thinking. When describing Wordsworth he calls him "the only man who has effected a compleat and constant synthesis of Thought & Feeling and combined them with Poetic Forms, with the music of pleasurable passion and with Imagination or the *modifying* Power in that highest sense of the word in which I have ventured to oppose it to Fancy, or the *aggregating* Power—in that sense in which it is a dim Analogue of Creation, not all that we can *believe* but all that we can *conceive* of creation" (p. 1034).

There is a wealth of this kind of material in Professor Griggs' edition, but certain frustrating pockets of poverty remain. Little, suspiciously little, of importance is mentioned in the letters about the great poems like the "Ancient Mariner" or "Christabel," and nothing at all about "Frost at Midnight" or "Kubla Khan." Perhaps this is because much of the correspondence where we might expect something about these poems—letters to Lamb, to Sara Hutchinson, to Wordsworth (in brief notes)—has disappeared. There is always the hope that someone made transcripts of these fugitive letters, which may now lie hidden in a bookstall or attic; they may turn up some day in time for inclusion in Professor Griggs' final volume. Until then we rest content with what we have; and that is plenty. The editor has done as much as could be done to insure an excellent compilation. If anything in the annotation be lacking—the failure, for instance, to incorporate allusions and frequently direct quotations from letters of people like Lamb who answered point by point letters written to them by Coleridge which Professor Griggs has been unable to find—there is ample compensation in the copious headnotes and a fine index. With the publication by Miss Coburn of the notebooks, we will come even closer to knowing Coleridge the man, the poet, the critic, the thinker. Since whatever we learn about Coleridge adds something more to our understanding of his principles and thus aids in clarifying our own, Professor Griggs has made a grand contribution to our education.

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NOVALIS ALS PHILOSOPH. By Theodor Haering. Stuttgart: W. Kohlhammer, 1954. 648 p.

This detailed and thorough study of the entire works of Novalis with special emphasis on his philosophy is probably the most voluminous work ever written on him—648 large octavo pages in small print. The substance of this book is as imposing as its sheer volume. Of the fifteen chapters, roughly speaking, only Chapters I ("Aphorismus und Fragment"), IX ("Philosophie und Poesie"), X ("Die Religion bei Novalis"), XI ("Die Bedeutung des 'Magischen' bei Novalis") XIII ("Die Naturphilosophie des Novalis"), and XV ("Selbständigkeit und fremde Einflüsse") fall within the domain of the usual treatment of Novalis. Seven chapters are devoted to a comprehensive new interpretation of his philosophy: II ("Wesen und Bedeutung der Dialektik für Novalis"), III ("Wesen und Aufgabe der Philosophie nach Novalis"), IV ("Die Grundaporie aller Philosophie nach Novalis"), V ("Die Novalissche Lösung derselben"), VI ("Der Begriff der Repräsentation und seine Äquivalente"), VII (Das Wesen der Tätigkeit"), VIII ("Theoretische und praktische Tätigkeit"), XVII ("Die Anthropologie des Novalis"). In Chapter XIV ("Zur Chronologie des Nachlasses") a new chronology of the literary estate of Novalis is attempted. The detailed Table of Contents in lieu of an index is an immense aid in finding one's way through the complex work.

This book is the culmination of the intense interest shown in Novalis following the publication of Kluckhohn and Samuel's standard edition of his works in 1929 —as exemplified by the studies of Käte Hamburger, "Novalis und die Mathematik," *Romantik-Forschungen* (1929), and Anni Carlsson, *Die Fragmente des Novalis* (1939), and by the three important postwar studies by Hederer, *Novalis* (1949), Rehm, *Orpheus, der Dichter und die Toten* (1950), and Hiebel, *Novalis, der Dichter der blauen Blume* (1951). In two respects Haering's book differs radically from those of Hederer, Rehm, and Hiebel. They were concerned mainly with Novalis as the poet of the blue flower or with his dark and irrational aspects; Haering sees in him primarly a rational philosopher; he bases his work on a detailed study of the unpublished papers of Novalis, while Hederer, Rehm, and Hiebel draw mainly upon Kluckhohn and Samuel's edition of his works and on Kamnitzer's edition of the *Fragmente*.

"Der unbekannte Novalis" would have been a more appropriate title for this book, Haering states in the preface. Few people are acquainted with the whole scope of Novalis' works, since a large part of them have never been published. Novalis, the poet, is usually overemphasized at the expense of the philosopher. His *Fragmente* have all too frequently been regarded as mere appendages to his poetical works, as incoherent if brilliant aphorisms that may be drawn upon to illustrate the ideas expressed in his poetical works. Novalis himself has been looked upon as a "seraphisch-mystischer Sänger," the manifestations of whose genius revealed amazingly lucid intervals but who habitually dwelt in the nebulous spheres of romanticism. Without undue belittling of his stature as a poet, Haering sets out to dispel the magical aura surrounding Novalis and to establish him as a highly original, profound, consistent, clearheaded philosopher of no lesser rank than Fichte, although Novalis' system of philosophy was admittedly only embryonic. Thus Haering first wishes to destroy four legends about Novalis that have become petrified in the minds of many students of his works: (1) that Novalis is mainly a poet and only secondarily a philosopher; (2) that toward the end of his life he turned away from philosophy to embrace poetry exclusively; (3) that he is no systematic thinker, offers no unified system of philosophy, and does not separate poetry and religion from philosophical thought; (4) that he manifests

a "schülerhafte Abhängigkeit" with regard to Fichte, Hemsterhuis, and others.

As his main justification for these assertions, Haering refers to his extensive studies of the literary estate of Novalis, which at present is deplorably incomplete and practically inaccessible to the general reader. The reviewer may add here that the literary estate of Novalis was, as is known, torn apart in an auction in 1930 and is now said to be largely in the private Schocken Library in Jerusalem. Thus the question of a new edition of the *Fragmente* becomes more and more urgent. Kluckhohn stated in the various prefaces to his edition that he was able to present only a limited selection of the *Fragmente*, and pointed out that the publication of the entire literary estate (*Nachlaß*) would require several more volumes. Haering gave up his intention of presenting a detailed commentary on the whole estate because of its present unorganized condition and the difficulty of publishing it. We note that Haering seems never to quote from the unpublished material but invariably from the Kluckhohn edition, which is somewhat disappointing, since the unpublished papers are his main new source of information.

The heading of Chapter I ("Aphorismus und Fragment—Einzelerfahrung und Gesamtintuition") succinctly sums up Haering's argument that the *Fragmente* of Novalis are fragments of a whole, and not aphorisms dealing with single, unrelated experiences. Aphorisms point to an aesthetic whole, fragments to a system of thought. Haering tells us that, in contradistinction to other romanticists, especially Friedrich Schlegel, Novalis was consciously striving to achieve universality of experience and unity of systematic intuition in his philosophy.

In Chapter II ("Wesen und Bedeutung der Dialektik für Novalis") Haering introduces the crucial concept of "Dialektik," which from this point on is his magic key to all of Novalis' thought. Novalis research, he states, has suffered too much from one-sided interpretation, based on arbitrarily selected passages from his philosophical meditations. Again and again the passage "Nach innen führt der geheimnisvolle Pfad" is cited, leading to an overemphasis of "das Innere" at the expense of "das Äußere." Haering claims that just as many passages referring to the outward can be found as those referring to the inward. In the "Lehrlinge zu Sais," for example, it is explicitly stated that the master taught his pupils "abwechselnd den äußeren und den inneren Weg," or rather, Haering adds, a fusion of both as the true path to one's goal. He further states: "Es ist nun einer der Hauptgründe solcher oft viel zu einseitigen und dadurch verfälschten Auffassung und Darstellung der Novalis'schen Meinung, daß man die *grundsätzlich dialektische* Haltung seines Denkens, besser gesagt: die geradezu zentrale Bedeutung der Dialektik für sein Denken verkannt hat" (p. 24). Even Anni Carlsson in her *Die Fragmente des Novalis* (pp. 33, 103, 188-189), before Haering's book the only study devoted to the complete literary remains of Novalis, speaks only occasionally of the "Zusammenschau von Gegensätzen" in supposedly obvious imitation of the then prevalent "Modedenkweise," which Novalis took over from Fichte. One forgets, however, Haering continues, that Hegel, the first consistent exponent of the dialectic method, had at that time not yet published any works, and that Fichte, although he undoubtedly induced Novalis to use this method, did not elevate the dialectic method to a universal principle. "Erst bei Novalis ist sie eine *bewußt und durchgehend* angewandte Methode, und hier finden sich vollends erstmals ausgedehnte *Reflexionen* über diese Methode selbst" (p. 24). Having thus established Novalis as a pre-Hegelian dialectician, Haering proceeds to discuss the concept of dialectic unity in the thought of Novalis. In a most general formulation of the dialectic method, he states that this method essentially means that all differences or, more specifically, all opposites are part of a unit, and, vice versa, in all unity it is possible to discern disparate ingredients. In four "Exkurse" Haering considers the various terminologies of the dialectic method

of Novalis. Opposites such as thesis and antithesis, unity and plurality, the general and specific, substance and accidental, are viewed to discover their unity. The confirmation of such "dialektische Strukturiertheit" Novalis found in all realms of reality.

Chapters III, IV, and V deal with the essence and aim and the "Grundaporie" of philosophy according to Novalis, and its solution. Philosophy is to Novalis not only "Abschluß und Krönung" of all science, but also "Fundament und Voraussetzung." The fundamental question of all of Novalis' thought is: "Wie kann das ungegenständliche Absolute Gegenstand der Reflexion werden?" —a Kantian point of departure. Novalis recognizes the inseparable unity of empirical and transcendent experience. These three chapters are rough territory for those who are not closely conversant with the *Fragmente* of Novalis or with the philosophy of Kant and Fichte.

In Chapter VI ("Der Repräsentationsbegriff und seine Synonyme") Haering states that Novalis' frequent preoccupation with the idea of representation has hitherto been overlooked. "Repräsentiertes" and "Repräsentierendes" again reveal a "dialektisches Wechselverhältnis." Neither the symbol nor that for which it stands should be overemphasized at the expense of one or the other. This antithesis is extended to "Zeichen" and "Bezeichnetes" and the meaning of language for Novalis.

Chapters VII and VIII deal with Novalis' ideas on activity, theoretical and practical, again in the framework of the dialectic method.

In Chapter IX ("Dichtung und Philosophie") Haering shows again with the aid of his indispensable dialectic method how Novalis conceives of the creative and playful element of poetry and the objective and regular element of philosophy as parts of a living dialectic unit. Then he discusses the philosophical contents of the literary works of Novalis. In *Die Hymnen and die Nacht* night is represented as an abstract moment of the dialectic unit "Nacht-Tag" and the hymns are shown to be closely related to his philosophical ideas. In "Die Lehrlinge zu Sais" the preoccupation with the discovery of dialectic analogies is adduced as another manifestation of the unified system of Novalis' philosophy. In "Ofterdingen" Haering discusses the unity of poetry and philosophy, love as symbol for the world, the mystery of the absolute as ultimate wisdom, etc. Then he deals with the ideal of art, the various arts, and the "Gesamtkunstwerk."

In Chapter X ("Die Religion") we are treading on familiar ground in Novalis research. Analogously to philosophy and art, religion is, first of all, experience of the unity of the absolute and the conditional, the infinite and the finite. Haering points to Novalis' use of religious terms in philosophy and art, and vice versa. In his attempt to fit the basic ideas of Novalis on religion into the dialectic pattern, he discusses dyads ("Gott-Welt," "Gott-Teufel") and triads ("Gott-Natur-Mensch," "Vater-Sohn-Geist," "Gott-Mittler-Mensch") with a view to establishing the synthetic unity of fundamental opposites. A triad of higher order is formed by using monads, dyads, and triads as elements in the new triad—monad-dyad-triad.

In Chapter XI ("Das Magische bei Novalis") Haering challenges the common designation "magischer Idealismus" with regard to the philosophy of Novalis. This expression, which has become a familiar one since H. Simon (*Der magische Idealismus*, 1906), has caused more confusion than illumination. Both "magic" and "idealism" have tended to distort the thought of Novalis. Novalis is, no doubt, an idealist in the general sense that he viewed the universe from the spiritual and not the material standpoint. But he did not disregard the real world in the sense of physical nature, Haering assures us; otherwise his ideas would not be vacillating between the two extremes of the dialectic pattern, the supreme

principle according to Haering. Novalis found Fichte too idealistic, and consciously contrasted Fichte's idealism with his own "Ideal-Realismus." The concept of "magisch" in the philosophy of Novalis has to be freed of certain irrelevant and misleading connotations. Usually one associates with it the fairy-tale-like digression from the normal and habitual that smacks of witchcraft and sorcery. "Magisieren" is to Novalis "Erhebung ins Dialektische," and ultimately into the universal dialectic system of representation. In this connection he speaks of magical physics and mathematics.

Chapter XII ("Die Anthropologie des Novalis") is devoted to Novalis' ideas on psychology, ethics, pedagogy, history, and medicine. We are told about "Ich-funktionen," "das psychophysische Ich," "das überindividuelle Ich," etc.

In Chapter XIII ("Die Naturphilosophie des Novalis") Haering claims "daß man an Hand des Nachlasses zeigen kann, wie er die Natur nicht nur spielerisch zu 'verklären,' sondern wirklich auch erkenntnismäßig zu 'erklären' bemüht und überzeugt ist" (p. 517). Physical nature is to Novalis an abstract part of the dialectic real-ideal whole.

"Exkurs" XIV (part of Chapter XIII) deals with mathematics. Haering states somewhat apologetically that he will attempt to deal with this problem, but he hastens to add that he does so with no claim to finality or conclusiveness. He rejects Käte Hamburger's identification of Novalis' ideas on mathematics and physics with those of modern mathematics and physics. He draws a line between Novalis' higher dialectic mathematics and the usual rational mathematics, a separation which is by no means justifiable. While it is true that Novalis' statements on mathematics are very seldom strictly mathematical, he nevertheless regarded *the* mathematics as an ideal science and did not attempt to devise his own "dialectic mathematics." Haering makes Novalis appear too much as a critic of conventional mathematics. The difficult task of explaining Novalis' famous "hymns to mathematics," as W. Dilthey called them ("Echte Mathematik ist das eigentliche Element des Magiers," "Das Leben der Götter ist Mathematik," "Reine Mathematik ist Religion," etc.; cf. Kluckhohn's ed., III, 295-296) is conveniently circumvented by Haering by referring them to Novalis' higher, dialectic mathematics. Novalis' well-known and well-documented mathematization of philosophy Haering turns around into a philosophization of mathematics. While Novalis did occasionally speak of the philosophization of mathematics, he nevertheless places more emphasis on the reverse relationship. Perhaps it is unfair to be too critical with this "Exkurs" on mathematics, because Haering is quite aware of its insufficiency.

In Chapter XIV ("Zur Chronologie des Nachlasses") Haering casts doubts on the Havenstein-Kluckhohn chronology of the *Fragmente*. He states, for example, that Kluckhohn's ed., III, 137, lines 14-16, on the dialectic unity of appearance and nonappearence is in subject matter completely identical with II, 153-158, and that therefore these two sets of passages cannot be so far apart in time as the Kluckhohn edition would suggest. The meditations of Novalis that have come down to us must, Haering believes, come mainly from the time starting in 1797, i.e., after Sophie's death, whereas according to Havenstein-Kluckhohn the bulk of Novalis' philosophical meditations fall into the 1795-97 period. Haering is convinced that we do not possess any documents covering his first occupation with Kant and Fichte. What we have presupposes a considerable previous occupation with these philosophers. Haering denies that there is any development *within* the *Fragmente*. He believes in the unity of the contents of the *Fragmente*, which is in line with his belief that the *Fragmente* were written within a much shorter period of time than has been previously assumed.

In Chapter XV ("Fremde Einflüsse") Haering stresses the independence of

the thought of Novalis. His dependence on Plotinus, Jakob Boehme, Friedrich Schlegel, Schelling, Ritter, and Werner is slight. More influential on his thought were Hemsterhuis, Fichte, Kant, and Schiller, but Novalis does not slavishly follow them.

Haering has come a long way from Rudolf Haym's remark (*Die romantische Schule*, 1870) that Novalis' pronouncements on mathematics were "wunderliche Äußerungen eines Zungenredners" and Olshausen's claim (*Friedrich von Hardenbergs Beziehungen zur Naturwissenschaft seiner Zeit*, 1905) that Novalis could not think methodically. This study is also a vast improvement over Egon Friedell's sketchy booklet, *Novalis als Philohoph* (1904), and Anni Carlsson's study on the *Fragmente* (see above) in scope, depth, and thoroughness. Perhaps Haering claims too much if he thinks that he has discovered a complete, consistent system of philosophy, even though he admits that he has tried to reconstruct an edifice from its shadow, i.e., from the *Fragmente*. The dialectic pattern is, of course, present in Novalis' philosophy. We find dyads, triads, and their dialectic unity. But to establish these is to establish only the most general relations, which do not amount to a system of philosophy.

This work is the most comprehensive, most profound, and most enlightening study of Novalis to date. We may make this statement without minimizing the importance of the more limited studies by Hederer, Rehm, and Hiebel.

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DIDEROT AND STERNE. By Alice Green Fredman. New York: Columbia University Press, 1955. 264 p.

This study was presented as a doctoral dissertation at Columbia University, where it won the Clark F. Ainsley Award for being one of three outstanding theses submitted to the graduate faculties in 1953. It is the first full-length study of the relationship between Diderot and Sterne, both of whom have taken on such importance in twentieth-century scholarship. Mrs. Fredman's thesis is that the two writers, because of similar literary and philosophical preoccupations, had a great deal in common. Although there is nothing strikingly original in this thesis, the author has brought together a great deal of material to substantiate her claim.

One of the major points under consideration is the often-made observation that Diderot imitated Sterne. Mrs. Fredman has shown that one should attribute the similarities to mutual interest rather than to influence. The historical importance of Diderot and Sterne, the author claims, lies in the fact that they are both transitional figures who "reflect the varied tendencies of their century, sometimes by rejecting them, sometimes by carrying them further" (p. 202). Mrs. Fredman finds that Sterne and Diderot were inspired by common readings and sympathies and that they developed similar ideas and practices which later bifurcated into different channels. Sterne's supposed influence on the French writer has provoked a great deal of scholarly comment, particularly in the twentieth century from Barton, Baldwin, Cru, and Loy. Mr. Loy and Mrs. Fredman have gone far in showing that *Jacques le fataliste* is not, as Andrieux said in the *Décade philosophique* (1796), a "very weak imitation of *Tristram Shandy*."

Although it is likely that Diderot and Sterne did meet in 1762 during Sterne's visit to Paris and to the home of Baron d'Holbach, such a meeting is by no means as certain as Mrs. Fredman makes it appear. She does not substantiate the following claim: "It was early in the year 1762 that Diderot met the man, Sterne" (p. 51). Barton, Baldwin, Cru, and Loy were never able to find any definite infor-

mation about this supposed meeting. There is certainly none to be found in Diderot's letters to Sophie Volland and to Grimm nor in Sterne's letters. The absence of any statement from the correspondence of either writer strikes me as being very strange if there had been a meeting between these two affinitive men. Mrs. Fredman has presented no more definite information than Cru offered in his work on *Diderot and English Thought*, published some forty years ago.

The layman will find in this work a very succinct discussion of the Locke and Shaftesbury theories on the emotions and the great influence that these men had in France as well as in England. The author finds that, although Diderot and Sterne were initially in agreement on the role of the passions, they later parted company. Her discussion of philosophical backgrounds is sound and historically oriented, even if she must stress differences between Sterne and Diderot rather than likenesses. She deserves credit for not overstating the case.

This study is a well-documented and detailed compilation of the findings of modern scholarship on the relationship between Diderot and Sterne. The many quotations, except for those illustrating Diderot's style, are translated into English. The notes, published together at the end of the text, the bibliography, and the index will all prove useful to the eighteenth-century scholar. This reviewer wonders, however, whether the relationship between Diderot and Sterne, apart from their common role in the development of the novel, really deserved a full-length study.

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THE LANDFALLS OF ODYSSEUS. CLUE AND DETECTION IN THE *Odyssey*. By L. G. Pocock. Christchurch, 1955. 16 p.

Some of the professional academic notice which Samuel Butler complained of not receiving in his own time came to him in this century with Leslie Hotson's advocacy in *Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated* (1949) of Butler's interpretation of Sonnet 107. Now further belated recognition comes to Butler in a different academic field with *The Landfalls of Odysseus* of L. G. Pocock, who calls for serious consideration of the case made by Butler in *The Authoress of the Odyssey* (1897) for the Sicilian, and specifically Trapanese, provenance of the *Odyssey*. Unlike Hotson, Pocock gives Butler credit for the theory he advocates. Of the girl Nausicaa, who Butler thought wrote the *Odyssey* at Trapani, Pocock says nothing; but, if acceptance of Butler's unorthodox theories continues, there may yet be Nausicaaists as well as Homerists. Robert Graves' recent novel, *Homer's Daughter*, may be the inauspicious beginning of such a trend.

Although his list of the landfalls of Odysseus is based on Butler's discovery, as Pocock calls it, that Scheria and also Ithaca are described from Trapani and its environs, Pocock does not give Odysseus the same route that Butler did. He has some original suggestions of his own, and in part agrees with the identifications of Bérard, with whom he concurs in finding Phoenician influence on the *Odyssey*.

Although in the years between Troy and Ithaca the wanderings of Odysseus may have been mostly in a geographical wonderland, everyone is presumably agreed that the last of his landfalls was an arrival in the real world, when he was put ashore sound asleep on his home island. For the problem of Ithaca, then, it may be best to suggest some of the arguments Pocock must meet when he expands his present sketch into the more detailed presentation he seems to plan. As Butler would have it, the authoress described from the Egadi Islands of her own acquaintance Ithaca and the islands neighboring to it which she found mentioned in Homer's Catalogue. These little islands off Trapani are in fact so small that there is some

improbability in supposing that a writer would even have thought of them in connection with the populous islands of the *Iliad*, with their cities and kings and the military power to send contingents to the Trojan War under two leaders, Odysseus and Meges. Butler himself was obliged to suppose that the authoress made up for the deficiencies of an Egadian Ithaca by describing the town of Ithaca and some of the features of the island from Trapani.

It does not appear that the natural features of the Egadi Islands correspond any better than the Ionian Islands with the data in the poems. One problem is to locate the islet of Asteris, which in the *Odyssey* is said to lie between the islands of Same and Ithaca. It is a problem that Butler passed over in silence. Pocock tries to correct him by taking as Asteris the little island called Formica (the Ant), but Formica lies off the coast and not between any two of the Egadi Islands. Butler thought it was one of the rocks Polyphemus hurled at Odysseus. Again, one of the peculiar natural features of Ithaca as described in the *Odyssey* was the cave with two entrances, one north and one south, where Odysseus hid the treasures the Phaeacians gave him. Butler included a cave of this sort among the necessary physical features of the place from which Ithaca was described. The cave he found for it, however, had on his own showing only one entrance, like most caves, and he took refuge in the poet's cryptic statement that only the gods could use the south entrance.

There will certainly be those who think that the attitude of mind which would produce or adhere to Butler's theory is too ready to give up before the admittedly great and perhaps insuperable difficulties of giving to the poetic statements the geographical application which has been traditional from classical times, too easily convinced that some other lovely piece of Mediterranean scenery is alone the one possible referent of some poetic statement, too quick to suppose that the *Odyssey* is the kind of poem that has in it hidden clues to its geographical location, like cyphers in Shakespeare; and it is from such prejudices about the right manner of approach to a tantalizing problem that Pocock must expect his opposition to come.

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